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Henry F. Brownson.

Chelsea.

Mass. United States
of America.

Aug. 1851.

Wm. H. Burrows

1851

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1851

THE GOVERNESS
OR
THE EFFECTS OF GOOD TEACHING
AN ORIGINAL FAIRY

A FINE NEW EDITION

FIRST STEREO TYPE EDITION

BALTIMORE
PUBLISHED BY GEDDIE & SON
22 BALTIMORE STREET
AND SOLD BY BOOKSELLERS EVERYWHERE
1851.

THE GOVERNESS,
OR
THE EFFECTS OF GOOD EXAMPLE.
AN ORIGINAL TALE.

BEING

A leaf from every-day life.

[By George H. Miles, Esq.]

FIRST STEREOTYPE EDITION.

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THE GOVERNMENT
OF
THE EFFECTS OF GOOD EXAMPLE
AN ORIGINAL PAPER

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DEDICATION.

O. A. BROWNSON, L. L. D.

MY DEAR SIR: Will you permit a Catholic, who is striving, in a much humbler sphere, to add his mite to the cause of truth, to inscribe to you the pencil-sketch that bears the name of the Governess.

I know not how you, a great labourer in the Vineyard, may regard the lighter works of a loiterer on the wayside: but long may your hand keep its hold on the plough, and your reward be, as now, the prayers and love of all who reverence a great mind consecrated to the service of God, and a heart whose child-like tenderness survives the trials and the toils of manhood.

THE AUTHOR.

BALTIMORE, *June* 1st, 1851.

DEDICATION.

O. A. Brownson, L.L.D.

MR. BROWNSON: YOU have a child who
is striving, in a lonely battle, to reach his
to the source of truth, to struggle to you the
truth that lies the truth of the Christian
I know not how you, a great scholar in the
land, may regard the light of a father as
the truth: but long may your hand be held
on the young, and you shall be, as now, the
eye and heart of all who are seeking a great
truth in the service of God, and a soul whose
the Christian strives the truth and the love of

THE AUTHOR

Barnes, New York, June 1st 1851.

P R E F A C E .

THE aim of the Author in this work is to show how a good young Catholic like Mary, without great ability or more than ordinary beauty, by firmness and piety, may recall many wandering souls to the fold of Christ.

Our blameless priests, in their higher vocation, are laboring from morning till night, from night till morning; and the gifted and the great, whose genius has placed them in conspicuous stations, are manfully battling with heresy and sin. But every Catholic, however humble his lot, however small his means, however slender his information, if true to his faith, may exert an influence like Mary's, and by the force of example, become an humble missionary in the hands of God.

PREFACE.

The aim of the Author in this work is to show how a good young Catholic like Mary, without great ability or more than ordinary beauty, by diligence and piety, may really merit heavenly rewards in the fold of Christ. Our distinguished priests, in their higher vocation, are labouring from morning till night, to right all iniquity; and the gifted and the great whose genius has placed them in conspicuous stations; are usually battling with iniquity and sin. Alas! every Catholic, however humble his lot, however small his means, however slender his information, is true to his faith, may exert an influence like Mary's, and by the force of example, become an humble missionary in the hands of God.

THE GOVERNESS.

CHAPTER I.

“Now, Mrs. Fairface, I’ll hear your ideas about that young woman who was recommended to me for Governess.” And saying so, Mr. Felix Fairface applied his slippered toes tenderly to the fender and planted his hands before him, in the attitude of one who is willing to listen.

“She was of good family, so I was told,” continued Mr. Fairface, “well bred—well educated, and all that sort of thing, which makes her poverty odious to her and agreeable to us. Have you seen her?—What does she look like—ugly, or otherwise?”

“Why, otherwise, decidedly ;—I was in fact rather favourably impressed with her *person-elle*,” replied Mrs. Fairface, who was in all respects, as the world goes an elegant woman.

She was a tall brunette, with dark hair and a flashing eye:—a shawl, flung over her shoulders could'nt help falling gracefully:—she wrote a neat note and knew how to seal it,—and was just sufficiently traitorous to the Kings' English, to spice it with, ever so little, of the President's French. "I was also struck," pursued Mrs. Fairface, "with the extreme beauty and justness of her pronunciation—with that exact nicety of intonation almost peculiar to the best English families."

Here Mr. Fairface shrugged his left shoulder: he always shrugged that shoulder when his wife waxed eloquent. "Just give me a two minute Daguerreotype of her, my dear," he interposed—"I mean of her person;—one can't tell what a one's mind is, until one knows them some time. I hope she's brains enough to be a good Governess; in the present advanced stage of civilization, intelligence is so much commoner than either beauty or virtue, that one expects it as a matter of course. Go on."

"Well then," returned the lady in perfect good humour, "she's about the size of our

Edith (which was middle-sized)—a trifle taller perhaps—pale, thin, gray eyes, long lashes, light hair, straight nose, good mouth, excellent teeth, white hands, well made, and little feet.”

“Rather a romantic creature then,” ejaculated the husband. “How does she dress?”

“Very plainly, yet with some taste. She would not be an ornament here,” pursued the wife glancing complacently around the elegant drawing room, “yet she will certainly not disfigure it.”

“You think we can trust her at table?”—
“Oh, certainly; I have not seen her yet,—but I feel sure that she can eat gracefully. In fact, there is only one objection to her,—she is a Catholic as you know.”

“An objection it is true,” answered Mr. Fairface, “but if she will only keep it to herself and not introduce the Pope to our children, we may overlook the defect. In point of fact, I consider one sermon a week, with an occasional ministerial visitation, religious instruction enough for me or any of my family. I never want Governor or Governess to meddle in religion—and if she will only stipulate to

keep her mouth shut on the subject, I shall be satisfied,—and ask no more.”

“I am glad,” replied Mrs. Fairface, “though I differ from you in some respects, that you take so sensible a view of the subject. For my own part, I have a higher aim in view I confess a real interest in the young girl, and hope by precept and example to win her from idolatry. And whenever the Rev. Mr. Easy comes to dinner ———,”

“Dont invite him oftener though, my dear,” put in her inexorable spouse.

“He must let her know what Catholicism is, and what Protestantism——,”

“Isn’t,” suggested Fairface, chuckling as his wife’s eye sparkled menacingly at the interruption.

“You are more of a Heathen than a Protestant,” she resumed, “and——”

“Not the less a Christian,—But come,” he continued soothing her. “I have a great sympathy for fallen families—though I raised my own from indigence to wealth; and success, for once in its life, has not left me insensible to pity. So if this young lady pleases you,

Maggie dear, I have not one word more to say about her. I hate Catholics, only because it hurts one in getting along in the world—and I don't want my daughters Catholics. But I leave her entirely in your hands, and make you anti-pope in the matter. But these Romans are hard to conquer; and when you think you have them, in comes Camillus at the gate, and you're gone."

"*Nous verrons*," said Mrs. Fairface considerably soothed by this voluntary surrender of authority, "I promise you to have her a better Protestant than you before six months."

"Very likely," was the significant reply.

Mrs. Fairface either mistook the point of the remark, or wisely preserved a masterly silence, terminated by an adroit allusion to another topic, introduced against all natural association of ideas—which is quite a feminine gift, by the way.

The accomplished wife of the successful speculator resumed the conversation thus:—"I am quite sure, my dear, that we are in the hands of Providence, the humble means by which this innocent creature may be weaned

from her images and antiquated mummary to the service of the true, invisible Christ."

Mr. Fairface shrugged his left shoulder, and the long pause that followed, indicated, that the Governess, her merits and demerits were soon to be consigned to the oblivion of sleep.

Mrs. Fairface said her prayers and went to bed with the satisfied assurance of one who is conscious of having done a benevolent action—of one who has gained a day.

Whilst this scene was enacting, and long after the affluent couple were sound asleep, another event was occurring, which must not be omitted.

— Mary Lorn, the Governess, and her mother lived in two second-story rooms hired from the Dutch confectioner, who occupied the basement with his shop and kitchen, and the attic with his family. Mr. Lorn, the father, had been one of those whole-souled, high-bred men, who live beyond their incomes, die in debt and leave a score of creditors, yet not a single friend. The widow's descent from her handsome establishment to her present quarters was gradual but inevitable; and there she seemed fixed for-

ever, without the hope or wish to rise. Despised by her rivals, neglected by her friends, she was thoroughly disgusted with rich people and preferred the poor confectioner's wife to the best of the magnates who knew her once to scorn her now. Her religion, which she had neglected in pride, was her only consolation: her needle her only support. She was not old—not even matronly old; yet there was a touch of infirmity in her appearance—her high spirit was bent, if not broken.

Mary was sixteen at her father's death, and had been educated chiefly by her mother, who was every way equal to the task. She was expected to create a sensation, when the sudden loss of wealth, of course, blighted her prospects and her charms. Nothing—not even the small-pox—disfigures a belle so soon as poverty. Yet Mary, accurately speaking, had never been a belle: sundry jackanapes in last jackets and premature coats had honored her with occasional japonicas and multifarious well meaning attentions,—and some went even so far as to whisper vows in verse. But Mrs. Lorn, though not then a practical Catholic, was mo-

ther enough to teach her to despise those pretty absurdities, and was determined that her daughter should not ape the ways of a woman whilst she was yet a girl. So Mary had never been in love; had never imagined herself superior to her mother, and though sufficiently alive to the comforts of wealth, was far removed from being the slave of fashion. She had made her first communion, and was a regular penitent; for the mother was much more careful of her daughter's faith than of her own. Poverty was thus easier to Mary than to her mother. It made both better Catholics—and they were happier walking to early mass through the snow—happier stealing home from vespers at dusk—happier at their long prayers in their little rooms, than they had ever been in the gas-glaring saloons of Mushroom Hill. There was untold joy in working together, with only a single candle between their faces—and they loved each a thousand times better than they ever did before. And Mary's education went on, superintended by her mother, until there were few more accomplished persons than she.

Her studies were pursued as a recreation equally delightful to parent and child, and not that she might one day be a Governess. For two years this went on, and they had not dreamed of separation.

But Mrs. Lorn's sight began to fail,—and her once bright eyes grew dim and were soon weary. She was not able to work as steadily as formerly :—the screens, fans, flowers, fruits, sketches, and stories were almost entirely made by Mary, and their slender income was diminished at least by a third. It was painful for Mrs. Lorn to sit idly by that young girl who was working her eyes out—and all for her sake. Perhaps at such a moment, a sigh for their departed splendour might escape the widow's breast :—but it was quickly recalled.

In the meantime, the Dutch confectioner grew impatient, and his wife decidedly cross, and a flaxen haired urchin, whose teeth had been spoiled by his father's plums, made faces at the pair. There was no generous knight at hand to chastise these Saracens : Mary had no beaux, and her mother no suitors—they stood without one earthly protector.

It was then, that Mary determined to seek employment as Governess in some respectable family, where she might exist and maintain her mother out of her earnings. After long seeking, she was recommended to Mr. Fairface and waited on by his charitable lady, as we have intimated. This brings us to the last night that the parent and child may spend together for months,—as Mrs. Fairface was to pronounce her final decision in the morning—a decision most likely favourable. *Favourable!* what nobler sacrifice is there than that of feminine instinct and feeling at the shrine of filial duty? So let us call it favourable.

“Remember, my child,” said the widow—“that if you lose one particle of your faith in this perilous adventure, you will be false to Heaven and to me. Remember that all the possessions on earth, cannot repay you for the loss of Catholicity—that without it you will be miserably ruined. I know that every artifice will be employed to shake your constancy—that every temptation will be offered to diminish your fervour—but I can trust you, my Mary, can I not?——”

“Let us trust in God’s grace, Mother. So long as I am true to him, you need not fear.”

“I shall not!” replied Mrs. Lorn, clasping her daughter in her arms. “There is but one thing more and hard is it for my proud, weak nature to bear. You may be treated like a hireling—annoyed—persecuted—even insulted,”—and here her dark eye flashed with some of its former fire.

“Think not of that, or of me,” said Mary, “I shall be well provided for. My greatest trouble will be that my dear, good mother is living alone, tormenting herself with a thousand imaginary fears that I am wretched.”

“No, Mary, I am not apt to conjure up imaginary terrors: I am too much accustomed to real grief. But God alone knows all the just fear and trembling of a mother’s heart, when an only daughter leaves her—a Governess!”

“And will my Heavenly Father forsake me, because I *am* a Governess?”—replied Mary, mingling the tear on her mother’s cheek with her own.

Thus the night wore away. Early in the morning they went to communion. Their slight breakfast, served as if in solemn mockery, was removed untasted. A carriage quartered with the Fairface arms, stopped at the door—a sign of acceptance! The flaxen haired urchin clapped his hands in glee—the confectioner grew civil on the idea that his lodgers were getting great and might want wedding cake—and his helpmate's good nature returned, as Mary pale, tearful and trembling, unclasped her mother's arms, and with a mute good bye to all, rode off.

CHAPTER II.

WE need not say how Mary's heart trembled as the burnished equipage glided rapidly from street to street. A thousand hopes and a thousand fears crossed her mind in such rapid succession, that the ride seemed a troubled dream. She checked her tears at the sight of Fairface house, and entered it, pale but outwardly calm. Mrs. Fairface, who was determined to be civil and patronizing, met her in the passage and kissed the trembling creature.

"What are you afraid of, my dear," she said, and passing her arm around Mary's waist, led her into an apartment adjoining the breakfast room. Mr. Fairface was there, diligently reading the morning paper, that modern substitute for morning prayers. He gently lowered his spectacles as the Governess entered, and courteously rising, bowed and took her hand. The instant he met her eye a shudder passed over him, and his florid cheek grew in an instant as white as hers on whom he gazed.

Mary was embarrassed, and Mrs. Fairface could not but discern some rare emotion in the ever placid face of her spouse.

"Your name?" asked Fairface, remembering himself and recovering.

"Mary Lorn."

"Lorn enough," he sighed after a short pause, during which a watery film gathered in his eye.

This awkward state of things was suspended by the entrance of Edith. She was one of those fresh, fascinating characters, all bloom and joy,—in appearance all that is good and fair; in reality, nothing. She came stealing in with a bright, happy, loving smile, and advancing straight to Mary, without introduction or other preface, put her arms over her neck and embraced her tenderly.

The large, warm tears gushed from Mary's eyes, at this unexpected mercy. She could not raise her head from Edith's shoulder, but hung there and wept.

"*Keep her on any terms,*" whispered Fairface to his wife, and he bolted from the room, as if to save himself from suffocating.

Why Mary wept so long, may easily be guessed: the gratitude of a true woman's heart

sparkles only in the mute tear that loads her eye. And yet, there might have been in that poor, fatherless girl's heart, a sense of shame in needing the affectionate support of a stranger, who by the exhibition of sympathy, testified a knowledge of her distress.

Edith and Mary were of the same age, and yet how different. Mrs. Fairface, whose kind heart was disposed to magnify the pretensions of her protégée, had rather over estimated her charms. There was nothing striking or captivating in her person, face or address, to attract the great mass of mortals. We rarely find out true beauty, either of mind or matter, unless there is some good critic or a finger-board to point it out. No one could ever arrive at the gems of an opera or a novel unless there were newspapers to select them. But Edith was one of those universal charmers, admired alike by good and bad, wise and silly, old and young—whom no one can cherish, without having a host of rivals just as able to appreciate her excellence as he is himself. There they stood, Edith rich, happy, healthy—Mary poor, sad and almost prematurely old. It was a contrast that might tempt a better pencil.

Such is the tenderness of the female heart, that it naturally inclines to relieve misfortune, until years of fashion or sin have weakened or destroyed the propensity. Edith, from her own impulses and her mother's instructions, was resolved to treat Mary as a sister at first, and to continue in that relation so long as Mary appeared to merit it. If our good resolutions cost nothing but the making of them, what a delightful world we should live in. The generous resolve often proceeds from human nature—the faithful execution rarely follows without the grace of God.

“Shew Mary her room,” said Mrs. Fairface, “and the staircases, that she may not lose herself; and after that we shall have some talk and she shall see *les petits bijoux*, with whom I entrust her.”

“Come,” said Edith, and the two new friends went off together. Mary's chamber was the back room in the third story, and looked into the garden instead of the street: a provision for which Mary was as grateful as if it had been done for *her* convenience and out of deference to her tastes. It was handsomely furnished, well carpeted, clean and neat—a nook in which

any bird might be happy to sit and sing all day. But, ah,—the cage? Well, the world is a cage and the body too. But Mary was trebly caged: the wires were three deep. The cold air was adroitly tempered by the furnace in the cellar, every provision was made for her comfort, and in one corner stood her little black leather trunk—a memento of her mother! There was but one picture, and that was over the mantel-piece—an original Raphael Morghen of the *Vierge a la Chaise*.

“You are too kind,” said Mary, smiling through her tears at the superb engraving: she remembered one like it that once hung in her father’s chamber—but it had been sold. It was a strange circumstance that the same plate should meet her here—here in a strange house—amongst those who refused the title that she loved to say—“*Blessed!*”

“You are too kind,” repeated Mary, still looking at the picture:—“and in studying how to please me, you have placed before me a print which I value more than any painting in the world.”

“Indeed!” cried Edith, “we are truly fortunate. It was an idea of Pa’s, and you must thank him.”

Here, the remembrance of Pa's strange manner suggested itself, and made the young Governess wonder whether he might be subject to epileptic fits or to any mental malady.—Her speculations were interrupted by Edith's asking her to take a look at the house. Mary could not help contrasting the ample hall and elegant parlors with the rooms at the confectioner's—could not help remembering something even more elegant, now scattered and gone. Her mother was not a mile distant, and yet an abyss seemed to yawn between them—the moat which wealth digs between itself and poverty. The drawing room opened into a glass hot-house where rare exotics were living, like herself—the kitchen was peopled with domestics who were paid like herself—and so on from garret to cellar.

In the meanwhile Mrs. Fairface was preparing for the great interview destined to precede the temporary concession of her darlings—her two jewels—to another's partial keeping and partial influence. Mary was soon summoned to her sitting room, and there the colloquy began.

“My dear Mary,” said Mrs. Fairface, “the

sooner we understand each other, the better; and a full preliminary explanation frequently averts much subsequent misunderstanding."

This exordium, which Sam Johnson himself might have envied, was received by the Governess in profound silence.

"Almost the only thing that divides us," she continued, "is religion. Mr. Fairface is one of the most liberal of men, nor do I think that I can be accused of bigotry. I promise you, then, perfect liberty of conscience, and perfect freedom of worship: and more than this, I promise that you shall not hear one remark from any of us, to wound or annoy you. But, my dear girl, I exact from you the same liberality; and in the education of my children you must avoid religious instruction, and do nothing to attract them to the faith you profess."

"I have already told you, madam," replied Mary, "that I shall not, by word or look, attempt their conversion. There is only one point that may give trouble. Your reading books and child's histories are invariably so erroneous in their facts and so false in their deductions, that I must often contradict the authors we may read. For though willing to

keep silence on the most important subject of life, I cannot be instrumental in circulating slanders, which would have long since died, were they not transplanted from histories to primers."

Mrs. Fairface looked blank at this unexpected declaration of independence. The emphatic language and resolute tone of the young girl were scarcely consistent with the character of paid retainer. A haughty reply flew quivering to her lips, but her better nature relented at the sight of the defenceless being at her side: and the privilege of protecting that feeling which teaches even the lion's paw to caress, effectually smothered the rising flame. She remembered, too, her husband's parting charge, "*Keep her on any terms!*"

"I trust I have not offended you, madam. The children will not consider whether the assertions are made by Protestant or Catholic writers: and I shall endeavor to select books which every Christian may read with pleasure. I thought it well, however, to be candid with you in the outset; for the task I have assumed is a difficult one—too difficult, perhaps, for me to discharge."

“I hope not,” replied Mrs. Fairface, completely soothed. “Not too difficult, I hope. At least we must make the trial. You shall now behold your pupils.”

The door opened, and *les petits bijoux* appeared—Carry and Jessie. Carry was a cherub faced, cherry mouthed, rosy cheeked creature of thirteen, in short *the ruby*; Jessie was two years younger, pale, pensive, timid, light hair and light eyes, and, as Mary thought, *the pearl*. Carry was like Edith, Jessie like no one in the family: Carry was everybody’s pet, Jessie nobody’s, not even her father’s. The introduction was intended to be imposing, though Mary commanded her gravity only by the remembrance of her position. Carry looked up in her face and smiled sweetly, shaking her curls archly as she repeated the set speech,—

“You must make us learn so fast, Miss Mary, that Pa and Ma shall be proud of us.”

Jessie hung her head, blushed and said nothing, like a good child who does nothing, because nothing is expected. But with the quick glance of childhood, Jessie had already recognized a friend and taken her first lesson—love.

Mary stooped and kissed each—perhaps she paused a moment longer over Jessie; but the

preference was imperceptible, except to Jessie herself, who scarce knew how to receive, still less to return an embrace. The child stood still, but in her face arose the flush of happiness, and all around her grew radiant at the promise of a protector and a friend.

“You can play to day,” said Mrs. Fairface, patting Carry’s dainty head, “Saturday is a holyday all the world over for the young, and Miss Mary will excuse you until Monday morning.”

Mary bowed to the mother, and the children, hand in hand, tripped away to see what the cook was making for dinner.

“What do you think of Carry?” asked Mrs. Fairface.

“She is very beautiful,” replied the Governess.

“As for Jessie,” resumed the mother, “she is good, but she is a queer child. It is a pity she is so unlike her sisters, but I am sure she will give you no trouble.”

“On the contrary, I like her quite as well as her sister.”

“You do!” exclaimed Mrs. Fairface in amazement; and Mary wondered no longer at the pale face of the neglected child.

“Pa is coming,” said Edith as she entered the room, and shortly after the prophecy, Pa appeared, accompanied by a young gentleman, to whom Mrs. Fairface was all attention, and before whom Edith blushed.

“You are happier, I see,” said Mr. Fairface in an undertone to Mary. “Believe me, you are not amongst strangers. What were her terms,” he continued, taking his wife aside.

“As liberal as could be desired,” was the reply, “except some unfounded objections to our Protestant school books.”

“Antiquated lies, as they are,” muttered Fairface. “But what were her terms?”

“Oh, you mean what she expected us to pay?”

“Why, certainly I do.”

“Well, really,” stammered the lady, coloring, “I omitted that.”

“Of course you did,” said Fairface, smiling in ineffable scorn. “Of course you did, you dear, good, business-hating woman. The arrangement’s left for me?”

“Yes.”

“Agreed!”

CHAPTER III.

THE young gentleman before whom Edith blushed was named Henry Arlington, a very pretty name, suggestive of peerages and battles. He had just signalized his manhood by casting his first vote for the successful candidate for the Presidency. He was rather good looking,—at least Edith thought so,—and had a rich father; though numerous younger brothers and sisters were ready to diminish his birthright at the favourable moment. There was something wild, mournful and dreamy in his large eye, and this was the only peculiarity about him.—His paternal abode was not a square off, and he was domesticated in the Fairface family. Mr. Fairface called him Harry—Mrs. Fairface and Edith said Henry—sometimes *Henri*, whenever there was occasion for a gush of tenderness. In one word Edith and Henry had grown up together—had fallen in love—understood each other perfectly and were to be married in a year. There were no ugly, existing impediments—the match was agreeable to

both families—and every thing was as smooth as if there was no love in the case. He was a Protestant without any public vices, and so was she.

This being distinctly understood, it is not surprising that Henry merely glanced at Mary Lorn, the Governess, and instantly drew Edith to the window for a chat.

“We have yet half an hour to dinner,” said Fairface, observing the movement. “Will you do me the favour Miss Lorn to accompany me?” Mary followed him, in some trepidation, to a small room which he nicknamed ‘*Solitaire*.’ It was there he spent his Sunday mornings, read his letters and sometimes answered them. It was there he managed his private documents, received his tenants and his rents. It was there he sat long after midnight, silent and alone, to his wife’s extreme annoyance. In short it was the only spot on earth in which Mr. Fairface took any real pleasure, in which he cast off the conventional coil and emerged *himself*.

“It shall not take us long,” he began, “pray be seated. My wife neglected asking your terms—I mean the terms on which you agree to instruct my two children. What are they?”

There appeared to be a want of delicacy in this abrupt demand, and Mary was silent in shame. She did not know that a sensitive nature, ever fearful of paining, introduces the subject it shrinks from, in the bluntest way.

“Perhaps you have no idea of what your services are worth,” suggested Fairface, “nor have I. Let us assume however that they are worth something. You teach music?”

“Yes,” replied Mary, “the harp and piano!”

“That saves a music master—at the lowest estimate thirty dollars a quarter—one twenty, per annum. Drawing?”

“Yes.”

“Ditto,” said Fairface, “two forty. French, English, Writing and Arithmetic, of course.—Let me see—twice two forty, four eighty—five hundred say. Are you satisfied with that?”

Mary surveyed him in some surprise—the sum was so considerable, so much beyond all reasonable calculation—she had talked the matter over with her mother,—that she might have cried, had she not observed that Mr. Fairface, amused at her confusion, began to laugh.

“You offer too much, sir,” she said, dropping her eyes before the gaze of this slightly myster-

ious man. "You offer too much. I shall be content with half the sum."

"Half!" echoed Fairface,—“I pay my worst clerk more than that. Do you expect less for twice the service? No, Mary,—Miss Lorn—I mean, I offer you what I think fair and right, it is purely a business transaction—a fair remuneration for your services. If they are worth anything, they are worth that. Say yes,” he continued rising, “and the matter is closed. Do you agree?”

Mary bowed and they returned to the other room, where dinner was soon announced. A Governess at table, nine times out of ten, is annoying to others and a torment to herself.—Annoying to others, because they scarcely know how to treat her, or what to say to her—they have to hit the difficult medium between too much attention and too little respect. Even a poor relation is not half so troublesome—the family at least is ascertained and there is one point of communion, though the coat may not be as new or the gown as bright. A torment to herself, because she is well aware of the restraint she imposes on the others; because forced civility is easily told and little relished;

because she is rather tolerated than welcomed ; a retainer rather than a guest. If human nature were the correct thing it is sometimes said to be, if its inherent dignity were anything more than, none of the clearest starch, the case might be otherwise. But it is certain that Mary wished herself any where else in the world, than just where she was, between Carry and Jessie, immediately opposite Edith and her accepted ; and it is equally certain, that young Henry Arlington would have gratified her wish with fairy-book rapidity and transported her to Lapland or New Zealand, without so much as one regret. And even did we pry too closely into Edith's breast and her mother's heart, a shawdow of the same wish might be discerned. But for Fairface, the meal would have been insufferably heavy; but he broke the ice with the edge of his bold, broad humour, and without any apparent exertion diverted the attention from Mary, to himself. The high spirited girl—for proud she was—had accepted his liberality without a spark of gratitude, but her heart warmed to him at this mark of nobler generosity. Hitherto she had doubted Fairface : she now felt inclined to trust him, and when they rose,

she felt as if her guardian angel, lingering at the confectioner's rooms, had just followed her, and was in the house. And who that moves into a new house, has not sometimes felt with Mary?

Edith, the blooming, led the way to the parlour, assiduously escorted by Henry Arlington—Mrs. Fairface followed with Carry; and Jessie, the forlorn, with the Governess brought up the rear. Fairface remained at the table, enjoying his cigar and his glass of wine. We are tempted to remain with him and expose the thoughts of this singular compound of delicacy and coarseness,—to exercise the novelists' privilege of knowing and telling what passes in the minds of his characters; but let us leave him to his meditations, for Edith is singing. It may be remembered that Mary's services were not required for Edith, who was accounted perfect—finished in every respect and above tuition.

“You must not laugh at me,” said Edith to Mary, as obedient to Henry, she touched her harp. With the prettiest embarrassment in the world, she sang a French song, which, like most French songs was a Recitative in one key and a melody in another. Henry was enchanted

of course, and so was Mrs. Fairface, who stole a look at Mary to observe the effect. Mary smiled approvingly, the young hypocrite; it was so easy to smile to conceal a laugh. That Edith had a pretty voice, no one could deny, but it was *vox et præterea nihil*. The half accomplishment of modern school girls is worse than positive ignorance. They are in that situation deplored by Socrates, just educated enough to think they know what they don't know. A little plain sewing or plain sense, is so much better than a little music and a little drawing. It is more prudent to be silent than to interpret the great masters, as a monkey imitates humanity. Mary's talent for music was not particularly great, but she sang with taste and feeling: some ballads she rendered so touchingly, that it was almost painful to hear her. When Edith rose, she persuaded Mary to take her seat at the instrument. The Governess who was timid as well as proud, complied with real embarrassment and sang:

THE BEGGAR BOY.

I sleep with the snow-bird, I rise with the lark,
In summer I feast like a king,
And in the long winter-night chilly and dark
I dream of the bountiful spring.

A glass from the fountain, a morsel of bread
Are mine, and I ask for no more,
Then why should the beggar boy wish to be dead,—
It is not so hard to be poor?

When my old mother lived, there was nothing but love
And now there is nothing but pain,
For I know that she wishes me even above,
And I long to be with her again.
So I smile when my body is weary and weak,
When the pitiless rich pass me by,
Or if the poor tears sometimes freeze on my cheek,
I think that I'm nearer the sky.

The silence in which the "The Beggar Boy" was received, was rather ominous. Carry was perceptibly disappointed and Mrs. Fairface quite undecided. Henry Arlington glanced significantly at Edith as much as to say 'how inferior she is to you?' Edith interpreted the look and felt still more kindly to the Governess. The consciousness of superiority is full one half of the milk of human kindness. In short Mary had made a failure so far as they were concerned. But Jessie—poor Jessie was transported out of her melancholy, and her large eyes, brimming with tears and love, were fixed upon the minstrel. Jessie would have sat at Mary's feet, listening forever, and she was build-

ing beautiful castles on lofty mountains covered with perpetual flowers, where she and the Governess might live alone together, without father or mother, or sister, or——No! she would have her absent brother Charles to take care of them, because he used to love her before he went to Europe—but no one else—not a soul besides Mary, Charles and her own little self. She started and blushed when Mary suddenly turned smilingly to her, as if she had been caught in her truant thoughts. No one dreamed that Mr. Fairface was near, but there he stood in the back room, looking steadfastly at the glowing face of his youngest child.

“Jessie!” he said. She turned as pale as death and trembled like a guilty thing. “Come with me a moment.”

“Will you go with us to the theatre this evening, my dear Mary,” said Edith, patting the harp.

“I thank you,” replied Mary, “but I cannot.”

“Let me entreat you,” interposed Henry Arlington.

“I am sorry,” returned Mary, “but I never go to the theatre.”

This welcome intelligence was accepted as

an excuse. Jessie continued with her father, until they were ready for the play.

“Can’t I go too, Pa,” cried Carry to her father, as he re-appeared.

“To be sure you can, if Jessie will stay at home with Miss Mary. Will you, Jessie?”

The child raised her eyes in mute thankfulness, and leaned against his side.

“It is time,” said Mr. Fairface, putting on his hat. “Good night, Miss Mary, good night, Jessie.” The instant the door closed Jessie drew from her pocket a small package sealed up in white paper and placed it in Mary’s hands. It was as heavy as lead. She took it to the light and read :

\$250.—

Give the receipt to Jessie.

Fairface.

Mary placed the gold on the table and snatched the child to her heart, then pressing back her yellow hair until Jessie’s face was upturned to her own, stooped and kissed her. A new existence was opened to Jessie—she was beginning to live. Silently around Mary’s waist she wound her thin arms; and when Mary

sat down at last, the child knelt with her, for those little arms would not uncoil, and that little head kept fast to her bosom.

Something had happened between Jessie and her father,—something that had entered deep into her young heart. It seemed as if a new voice had spoken to her, calling out all the sunshine and flowers of childhood, to glow and gleam in her path: and her half-broken spirit, reviving at the sound, like a lily bent with dew, rose through tears in the morning light, fragrant and fresh.

When the frost of spring nips the blossom, the fruit is stunted: parental coldness blights the noblest child. Poor Jessie had been chilled, numbed, but not quite frozen:—a year longer, and the springs of her spirit might have been sealed forever. But the sun of affection can still preserve, and the little flower may yet emerge uninjured from the bud.

“May it be so!” thought Mary, as the child still breathed upon her lap in quiet ecstasy.

CHAPTER IV.

It was a time for Jessie to go to sleep, so Mary accompanied her to her room, adjoining her mother's.

"Do not leave me yet," she murmured; it was the first syllable she had spoken for an hour.

Much as Mary wished to hear what had passed between the child and her father, she did not wish to agitate still more the young heart that was throbbing against her own. Jessie needed silence and the bosom of a friend to lean on. Years of untold trial were escaping in those slow but steady tears; visions of future bliss were stealing over Jessie's fancy.

Another hour of silence went by, as swiftly as at the theatre, and far more happily. And the child raised her head and smiled, so brightly, so tenderly, so trustingly, that the spirit of an angel seemed to be mingling with her own.

"Sing for me again," she said, "sing for me alone."

The Governess had many a pretty Ballad at

command; but the more she sang the more Jessie pressed her to sing again. She had to refuse at last; for the town clock striking ten, admonished her that it was time to say good night.

"Hear me my prayers before you go," said Jessie, and before Mary well realized the terrible appeal, her young charge knelt before her, resting her head on her knees. There was no blessing, no 'Hail Mary' to follow 'Our Father,' almost every word was a stranger to the Governess. And when Jessie rose with that blessed '*Remember*' all unsaid, Mary was trembling and in tears.

"Why do you cry?" asked the little girl, "you are not unhappy too? Don't everybody love you? I go to bed often all alone in the dark."

Mary's only reply was to strain to her heart the little being, who, in so short a time, had become so dear to her. She felt what a cruel, bitter promise she had made—she would have given worlds to break the pledge and teach the young suppliant the words consecrated by a thousand saints, dictated by the Church and be-

loved in Heaven. But—it could not be—her word had been solemnly plighted!—

“Sing me a hymn,” said Jessie. “You musn’t cry, you have made me so happy. Sing me a hymn.”

Scarcely aware of what she was doing, the Governess began a hymn which her own mother had sung over her cradle.

Sleep my child, and when I slumber

Do not wake and weep,

Another mother comes from Heaven

To watch thee when I sleep.

Though perchance thou mayst not see her,

She will still be nigh,

For she loves thee truly, dearly,

Better e’en than I.

Sleep, my child, thy heavenly mother

Has no need of rest,

And ever with the night she cometh,

To take thee to her breast.

Thus, in hope and trust I slumber

When the day is done,

For this Mother’s name is Mary,

Jesus is her Son!

Wherever Mrs. Lorn obtained this charming hymn, it is a pity it is not more widely known. It is full of pathos and piety, and withal so simple, that the comprehension of a child can

grasp it. If mothers would use it as a lullaby, —afterward, in the storm of maturer life, when a thousand temptations and a thousand dangers beset the woman or the man, why then on the verge of sin or on the brink of death, those simple words might recur to save the yielding soul from guilt or perdition.

To Jessie, it opened a positively new idea.— She rose, leaning her head upon her arm, with an expression of mingled wonder and delight.

“Have I a mother in Heaven?” she asked, “Indeed you have,” replied Mary, “your mother and mine, Mary the Blessed Mother of our Saviour, the Mother of us all”

“And will she love *me*—poor little me?” continued the child. “How shall I speak to her—how shall I make her know me?”

Mary’s hand flew instinctively to her medal—her impulse was to tear it from her neck and place it around Jessie’s. But her fatal promise arose before her, and prevented the act. She was already in a dilemma. and the future clearly indicated one of two courses—treachery or retreat.

“She knows you already,” said the Governess, “you have only to love her. So now be a good girl and go to sleep.”

Jessie, long accustomed to obedience, took Mary's hand and laid it under her cheek. For sometime she would, now and then, open her eyes and smile, but presently they ceased to open and Mary withdrew her hand; she was asleep.

The Governess went to her own room. The moon was shining brilliantly upon the glasses, so she shaded her lamp and sat down by the window. She took Fairface's gold from her pocket, it seemed like a bribe,—there was something unfeminine and improper in accepting it,—she would return it to him in the morning. And yet—the delight of pouring that yellow promise of comfort into her mother's lap—of consecrating thus the first fruits of her new life! For that one privilege she would be a hireling forever, and sit at the dinner table from day to day, enduring coldness or even mockery. However, there was another question still more difficult of solution. She could easily make Jessie a Catholic—and was it not her duty to give, at least, such instruction as the child herself demanded? Compliance broke her promise,—refusal violated her conscience. Above the mantel piece hung that beautiful engraving,

of the mother smiling on her divine babe. The mild face seemed to reproach her, as if those virgin lips were saying—"another soul might now be mine, hadst thou been true."

Amidst all this tumult of thought, there was one comfort—to-morrow would be Sunday—she was to meet her mother at early mass in the morning. She would then consult her confessor—reveal her troubles and end her doubt.

While she was mediating, she heard them returning from the theatre—she heard the front door open and close, accompanied by merry loud laughter. There were two parties in the house, Mrs. Fairface, Edith, Carry and Arlington, the majority—and Jessie and herself, the minority; Fairface stood apparently neutral.

At last, all was silence and she began to dream upon her new bed. It was a troubled, unrefreshing sleep. She woke at six o'clock and left her room at seven. To her surprise, she met Mr. Fairface pacing the entry, with the front door wide open. He saluted her kindly and respectfully. This was the moment to speak, if she ever meant to do so. After an irresolute moment, she said:

“Mr. Fairface, I received from Jessie last night, half a year’s salary in advance. I cannot accept it, because I may die before I earn a tenth of it,—or you may choose to dissolve our agreement, or ——”

“Any other possible or impossible absurdity you choose to imagine,” abruptly put in Fairface. “Mark me Mary,” he deliberately added, “though you have been here but one day, you have done me a service I never can repay.—There was a priceless jewel in this house, unknown or lost to me; you have discovered it and hung it over my heart.”

“What do you mean?” she asked.

“I mean Jessie!”

“But ——” resumed Mary, still proffering the gold.

“But ——” returned Fairface, “do you take me for a conventional booby? You know, young girl, that men expect their friends to risk their lives for them; to come to them in sickness and trial, and will accept every sacrifice, except the meanest and poorest on record—a little bleeding of the purse; though it is amusing to see how soon they jump into a dead man’s shoes. Well—I am not of the number, and

even were this money not yours by your position and right, I should not imagine that I was conferring a favor. You are going to meet your mother—should you be so sensitive, when she is so poor? And so God bless you. Pray for me!”

It was like a dream to Mary, as she walked rapidly to the Cathedral.

There was something kind about the man, stern and rough as he was in his serious moods; something even more than kind,—paternal, protecting, tender. An imaginative mind, like Mary's, invents and adopts a resolution with great rapidity. It occurred to her, that an appeal in behalf of Jessie to her relenting father could not be unsuccessful; and she determined to embrace the earliest moment of speaking candidly to him on the subject. The instant this was settled to her entire satisfaction, the thought of meeting her mother arose, absorbing all other ideas. Her interview with Fairface had detained her some minutes behind the appointed time so she made double haste.

Young, light, active and eager, she tripped from street to street with unnecessary speed; for she might have known that those good Irish

Catholic servants, whom she was passing every minute, would not have missed the Kyrie of early Mass for a month's wages. The second bell was sounding as she passed the last corner—and there on the steps, stood that old familiar black cloak! Her mother's eye was on her—the next instant their hands were clasped—and that unutterable look of love, trembling and tearful, which only a mother can give, sank like sunlight into her soul.

Never before had they knelt so fervent, so thankful, so joyous, so humble, at the mystery of mysteries, at the banquet of redemption, at the august sacrifice of Christianity. And when Mass was over, they hastened to the confectioner's rooms, as if their home was a palace.—For there, in that humble chamber the fond embrace of love awaited them; for there, Mary could outpour her soul and tell all that had happened. Very many may smile at such superfluous agitation about a days separation; they have either never known what a mother is, or what it is to leave her in such circumstances. No mother will smile.

Mary's story was soon told. She described every member of the family—especially Jessie—

and enlarged upon their kindness. Then she produced the gold, and recounted her interview with Fairface.

“Just like him,” said Mrs. Lorn.

“You know him, then?” asked Mary.

“Do you think, my child,” replied her mother, smiling, “that I would place you with one I did not know?”

“Shall I keep it?” said Mary.

“You cannot refuse. He is imperious in his generosity, and you will only make him angry by hesitating. You may rely implicitly upon his motives and his actions; there are few nobler men, so far as human nature goes, than this same Mr. Fairface.”

A world of apprehension was lifted from Mary's heart, and without a word she slipped the money into her mother's hand. Mrs. Lorn grew pale as death, and then a burning blush overspread her fine features. Pride was still struggling in her heart—and other emotions may have risen. At this instant in came the Dutch confectioner, his wife and his flaxen haired boy. They were all attention, and so deferential, that Mary was amused at their language, so suddenly changed by a handsome carriage from indifference and neglect, to love.

CHAPTER V.

AFTER High Mass, Mary received the prettiest little note from Mrs. Fairface, intimating that as the day was so fine, they should spend it in the country; and that Mary might prefer to remain until evening with her mother; though of course Mrs. Fairface should miss the interesting face of her young friend. A servant in livery had brought the note; so the confectioner and his family were even more emphatic in their attentions. Dinner was served with surplus dumplings and several species of preserves, mixed into one fascinating whole. Yet at that plain deal table, and over that homely fare, Mary sat, a daughter, not a governess, and the meal was one of unmixed thankfulness.

We left Jessie asleep, dreaming of the Mother, about whom Mary had sung and spoken.

"Jessie is sleeping very long this morning. She's always the first one up. Go wake her, John," said Mrs. Fairface to the waiter.

"Let her sleep," said Fairface; and John stood still. "Perhaps she's sick." Mrs. Fair-

face sat still, and took another slice of toast—so did Carry.

“Suppose we dine at Oakland, by way of variety,” continued Mr. Fairface. Oakland was his country seat. “The day is charming, and John can have the house warmed before church is out.”

“Agreed,” cried the wife.

“Agreed,” cried Edith, who had just entered in smiles and roses.

“Agreed,” echoed little Carry. “And, Mr. Easy,” resumed Mr. Fairface, “may perhaps”—

“Find it more convenient to stay at home,” said her spouse. “I want to break a bottle with some old friends and—excuse me, my dear,—but, indeed, the house is scarcely warm enough at this season—and a cold might deprive the community of the services of your estimable friend. His life is entirely too valuable to be trifled with, merely for my gratification.”

“I only mentioned him, my dear,” said the obedient woman, “that the Governess might have an opportunity—”

“Let her spend the day with her mother ;

she will enjoy herself ten thousand times more, and so may we, perhaps."

Edith smiled: she should have Henry Arlington all to herself. So it was decided that the day was to be spent at Oakland, and the note to which we have alluded, was written.

"I wonder what keeps Jessie. Ten o'clock? Outrageous," said Mrs. Fairface, forgetting the suggested possibility of sickness. "Go pull her ears, Carry, until she is wide awake."

"Never mind, Carry," said her father, gently, "you must be tired of pulling her ears by his time. Let me take my turn," and he marched up stairs, as if he were in earnest.

He went to his daughter's bed-side. She was smiling in her sleep, and breathing softly. At that moment she was more beautiful than his other children, and the heavy hand of conscience smote him on the heart for past neglect. There was a flush upon her cheek he had never seen before, and a likeness to himself unobserved until then. He closed the door, as if ashamed to be seen betraying love or pity for this orphan in her father's house, this lone bird in her mother's nest. With folded arms he stood watching her, bending gradually beneath

the strong attraction of increasing love, until he kissed her on the mouth.

Jessie woke, and seeing her father, started at the unusual sight. He spoke not, moved not, but there was the paternal love-light in his face and a tear in his eye. The child understood it all—when did a child like her ever misunderstand—and put her arms around his neck.

“I’ll wear this necklace often,” he said to himself, as he pressed her a moment to his breast.

“Will you go with us to Oakland?” he said.

“Oh, yes!” cried Jessie. “Is Miss Mary going?”

“No: she is spending the day with her mother.” Jessie’s countenance fell.

“Would you rather stay with her, Jessie, than go with your father?” asked Fairface, half reproachfully, though he knew well enough there was no one but himself to blame.

Jessie looked him steadily in the face, or rather through the face, for full a minute, and then throwing herself on his neck, exclaimed:

“*No, father; I would rather go with you!*” Fairface, though any thing but a coward, was so unmanned by her look and her decision, that

he could hardly stammer out a "God bless you," and let her know that breakfast was waiting for her.

She dressed as quickly as she could, though her prayers were somewhat lengthened by an effort to remember Mary's hymn. She met her mother on the staircase, and Mrs. Fairface did not fail to make the auricular application, which her husband had forgotten. Nothing daunted, Jessie tripped gaily to the breakfast room. Her father loved her, and she had 'another mother' in Heaven, and she was happy. The coffee was cold, but there was a nice plate of toast, which Edith had scarcely touched. But John—for when a parent neglects a servant scorns—was sweeping this away for the kitchen.

"Hold! you scoundrel," cried Fairface, in a voice of thunder, as he entered the room. "Mark me, John," he said, taking the fellow by the collar, "if you, or any of you, ever again insult, mock, mimic, tease, fret, annoy, worry, provoke, or starve, mind you, sir!—*starve*—or fail in the least or greatest attention to this child, this Jessie of mine,—I'll horsewhip you, man or woman! Do you hear?"

"Yes, yes," stuttered John, dropping his prey.

“Take it up, you scoundrel!—Here.—Go to the kitchen, and get the best cup of tea you can, and the best omelette the cook can make, and the best toast you can carry, and set the little table for her alone—Do you hear? Do it in ten minutes, or you lose your place. Come Jessie, get your bonnet; let's walk in the garden.”

Pale as death, Jessie ran for her bonnet. Poor child, she feared that the ugly John would revenge himself on her,—but no, no: that accomplished domestic was but a third arm of her father's; and from that moment, it was Miss Jessie in the kitchen, and the nice things, instead of going to Carry, were labelled ‘Jessie;’ and she was voted a paragon, and the ugly John became her devoted admirer.

Mrs. Fairface, Edith and Carry, who were up stairs, in course of preparation for church, soon heard of the storm in Jessie's favor; for such intelligence runs like wildfire through a house.

“This is a pretty pass!” exclaimed the mother, making her dark eyes flash fire. “Are the servants to be treated like dogs, that a lazy child may be pampered and spoiled?”

“Poor John!” soliloquised Edith, arranging a curl.

“I see it very plainly,” pursued Mrs. Fairface; “it is nothing, more or less, than the work of the Governess, Mary Lorn.”

“She loves Jessie twice as well as she loves me,” suggested Carry, pouting.

“She has been persuading Fairface,” continued the madam, “that Jessie is an angel, because she is plain and queer like herself. However,” she went on in better humor, “there’s something *comique* in it after all. How John must have scampered.”

Little did Mary know that the first seed of dissension was sown; little could she guess the direction the maternal mind of Mrs. Fairface was taking.

As for Jessie,—a thousand times rather would she have swallowed her crust and a cup of water, or even gone fasting, than be the innocent cause of so much misfortune to John. She was sure that such terrible words would make him very unhappy, and keep him awake night after night: she knew that it would kill *her*. And then she fancied that he could never forgive her, that he would hate and frown at her. All

these thoughts were running through her little head in the garden, and though her father tried every invention of love to remove her sadness, she could only smile a second at a time, for she was thinking more of John than of him.

To her great surprise, when John announced breakfast, he was in smiles instead of tears, and begged her pardon so sweetly, that she believed him the best and most forgiving creature in the world. She forgot all his past surliness, his innumerable hard looks and coarse words, scattered through the list of her early years of trial. He seemed so contrite, so humble, so gentle, that he won her heart and made her completely happy.

When she ran for her bonnet, and met her mother and sisters, they asked her a thousand questions about the tea and the toast, and whether she slept well and rose with an appetite. Jessie told the story, and answered all their questions in happy, faithful simplicity. Child of truth, she knew not they were mocking her, and was their jest without feeling a pang. Such is the privilege of unsuspecting innocence.

“It is time for church; the bells are ringing and the carriage at the door!” cried Fairface

from below. The Rev. Mr. Easy was eloquent that day, but Oakland was uppermost in the minds of our party, and glad were they all when they were fairly started. The carriage was full: so much the better—Jessie was in her father's lap, and Henry Arlington close to Edith.

It is worth while to note the change in Jessie. Many a lovely child is so withered by neglect, that it soon loses all natural grace and ease, and becomes stiff, awkward, repulsive. Habituated to indifference, it grows shy, suspicious, uncongenial; thrown upon its own resources, we see it often selfish, timid, stealthy. And thus the work of destruction, begun by accident or caprice, progresses until every spark of child-like grace, confidence, glee, and archness, is extinguished, as if the fault were nature's. But when the ice-bands are removed, when the sun of affection streams suddenly full upon the flower, has any one marked with what an exulting bound the prisoned leaves expand and wave like fairy wings fragrant and beautiful? So was it with Jessie that day at Oakland. Her father was in a transport of joy and pride, which he concealed in his peculiar way: the rest wondered what ailed her, and asked themselves

what singularly merry sprite was in possession of the girl. She sang for her father, notes the sweetest he ever heard, worth all the cavatinas in creation, illustrated by the best Italian voices. She edified her mother with the most remarkable speeches—odd notions which had crept upon her in her loneliness—strange observations which she had made upon men and women as they passed her prison door,—beautiful thoughts that had dawned upon her fancy when she woke weeping; thoughts about the flowers and the stars, which she had never uttered, but not forgotten. It was like the outpouring of sealed nectar, bursting with its own strength and sweetness. Carry was utterly eclipsed, and felt it. What could be the matter with the child?

“I protest,” said Mrs. Fairface, “you are getting quite forward.”

“High time she should,” replied her husband. “Now for a race,” he continued, clapping his hands—“a race between Carry and Jessie—this necklace for the winner,” and he shook the golden trinket over their heads.

The ponies were pawing at the door, and the smooth road, visible through the leafless ave-

nues, led through the grounds across the meadow, straight below, returning in the same course, describing an elipse.

They were soon in the saddle—the terms of the race prescribed. Carry's horse was white, Jessie's a spirited black. Mr. Fairface braced the girths himself, and away they went, side by side. The witnesses stood on the porch, and every heart, but one, was beating for Carry; and when they emerged from the trees into the open meadow, where the road ran horizontal with the house, they shouted and waved their handkerchiefs—Carry was three lengths ahead.

“Huzza for the black!” cried Fairface impetuously—“a thousand on the black!” Jessie was gaining—they enter the return avenue.

“Jessie's ahead,” shouted her father, unable to conceal his preference. It was true—Carry was far behind. But instead of riding to the goal, Jessie checked her horse, and throwing her arm on his neck, threw a kiss to her sister, who passed her at full speed, and reining up at the porch, claimed the prize.

“Why did you stop, Jessie?” said her father.

She made no reply, but leaped, laughing and glowing, from the saddle.

"You deserved to miss it for your dullness," said Mrs. Fairface to Jessie, arranging the necklace around her darling's neck.

"How pretty you look in it, Carry," said Jessie, kissing her, "twice as pretty as I should. Doesn't she, mother?"

"Your horse was better than mine," said Carry, peevishly.

"Let's change them, then," said Jessie, "and run again for the same necklace."

This proposition was at variance with all the rules of the turf, and could not be entertained. It implied a desire to possess what Carry had fairly won. Did it, Mrs. Fairface?—Or did it imply that Jessie viewed as a laurel, what you cherished as a valuable prize?

CHAPTER VI.

“My child,” said Fairface, taking Jessie aside, “how came it that you did not care for a necklace from your father. You might have won it so easily?”

Jessie, touched by an allusion which implied indifference to his kindness, replied :

“Indeed, father, I thought that Carry ought to have it—that it was meant for her, because she is older than I, and because I knew it would please mother better.” And as she spoke, a tear trembled in her eye.

Fairface took her hand: he revered her from his inmost soul. That a girl so young, in the excitement of victory, should be governed by such exalted delicacy, was a surprise: it was a phase of human nature so rare, that though he suspected her motive, he could not credit it, until thus announced. He gathered her light hair in his hands, as if it were something inestimably precious, and with all the emphasis of paternal benediction, whispered—“My noble Jessie!”

She burst into tears. What was the earthy

necklace to those golden, immortal words, destined to ring their delicious chime in her ears, morning, noon, and night, from that moment forth forever!

Mrs. Fairface, seeing that she wept, inferred that she had been severely rebuked, and was mother enough to sympathise with tears not caused by herself. "Never mind," she said, soothing the exulting child, "you shall do better next time, my dear."

Had any close observer of the human face been on the watch, he might have read in the terrible curl of Fairface's lip, a part of the secret of his life. But it was unnoticed, and the scene was terminated by the arrival of the old friends of the dinner table, whom the proprietor of Oakland expected. We must permit the repast to be served without our supervision, trusting that John will have it all *a la mode*, as the fair hostess desired.

They sat until the moon rose; and though glees were sung and catches trolled,—though puns were made and bumpers quaffed, yet in the humble confectioner's rooms, there was a rapture which the convivial banquet never knew. Mrs. Lorn seemed to be re-animated

with the energy and brilliancy of by-gone days. Song, jest and story sparkled on her lips—she ran over the half-forgotten freaks and follies of her youth, now serious and now jocose, condensing the history of her life into such a charming picture, that Mary looked and listened, like one before whom some conjuror's pageant is passing. The fascination and variable power of her mother had never been so apparent: her face was clothed with resistless magic, as eloquently and passionately she poured out the joy of her soul to her daughter. But the moon had risen before they knew it: its light was the signal for separation, for the family might have returned, and Mary was a Governess!—Sad thought for Mrs. Lorn, in whom the embers of wealth and fashion were not extinct: bitter contrast for her haughty nature—haughty it still was—between the present and the past.

They walked together through the quiet streets, the mother giving sage advice, the fruit of her long experience, and arranging the time and manner of next Sunday's meeting:—it might be sooner. Mary well knew that her mother would never come to see her: it was

useless and painful to ask her. How long the weeks seemed, bounded by such delight! The walk was a short one, at least to them, though they prolonged it to pass the Cathedral—and they paused at last on the stone steps of Fairface House. The family had not returned when they parted, and Mary watched her mother's sacred figure stealing away, sad and solitary, until the finely curved shoulders by which she knew her, were indistinguishable. And then passing hastily into the parlor, her heart bled at the solemn mockery of the gilt and purple splendor around her.

Whilst she was overcoming her aversion to the place, and meditating how she could best approach Mr. Fairface on the subject of religious instruction, up rolled the heavy carriage, and the whole family, including Henry Arlington, swept into the room. Imagine Mary's surprise, when Jessie, like another being, with roses in her cheeks, and graceful in the absence of timidity, bounded forward right into her arms.

“Why were you not with us?” said Jessie, “we had the nicest day I ever spent. See what a beautiful necklace Carry has won!”

Carry exhibited the prize with as much satisfaction as if she were not indebted for it to her sister's generosity—as if, in fact, her absolute merit entitled her to it. We are easily deluded into good nature, when what we know to be a failure, is construed by others into success. Carry was just as proud, as if Jessie had never been ahead in the race. So much the better for the Governess.

Henry Arlington and Edith retired to a corner, where they enjoyed themselves, doubtless. But we shall not dwell over the insipidity of such love. They talked of the fashions, the play, the opera; of what Mr. Dareall did, and of what Mrs. Pratewell said. They exchanged a thousand glances, significant of unutterable affection, and were as completely lost in each other, as if the rest of creation were non-existent, or in shadowy chaos. They gazed upon the moon and stars with indescribable tenderness, and talked prescriptive nonsense with as keen a relish as if it were not as stale as the exploded calumnies on Hildebrand. By way of varying the entertainment, Edith went to the piano, that new refinement of enlightened torture.

A piano open in a Protestant house on Sunday, struck Mary as strange,—but she said nothing.

Mr. Fairface availed himself of the music, to draw Mary aside.

“We missed you to day,” he said, “at least, I did. How was your mother?”

“Quite well,” replied Mary: it was the first inquiry he had made of her.

“Do you feel at home with us,” continued Fairface, who between the dinner and the delight of the day, was in the best possible humor, “are you satisfied with your room—are the waiters attentive enough—have you every thing you wish for?”

To all these questions Mary replied affirmatively.

“You must not be discouraged, or grow home sick, or think that we are not attentive enough, or anything of the sort.”

“There is little fear of that,” said Mary. “But there is one difficulty—the children may ask me questions about Catholicity, which I shall be puzzled to answer consistently with my promise.”

“Nonsense,” exclaimed Fairface “you may

give them all the information they ask or you choose to impart—especially Jessie—whom I place under your particular charge to do as you please with. I say, Mrs. Fairface”—elevating his voice, “can’t Miss Mary answer any questions the children choose to ask?”

“Most assuredly” replied that lady, directing her attention immediately to the music. Fairface could not restrain a laugh.

“You have taken a fancy to Jessie,” he said, “and it appears to be reciprocal. Answer all her questions, but don’t warp her mind to Catholicity.”

“I am sorry you could suspect me of—”

“*Being a good Catholic?*” added Fairface, with marked and almost bitter emphasis. “But,” he resumed, for Mary’s face colored deeply, “it won’t do for you and me to quarrel, when I propose to be a father to you, for the sake of that child,” and he pointed to Jessie. “I know the habit you Catholics have of proselytising and—but I can’t apologize and never could. Listen—.”

Jessie had wandered to the piano, just vacated by Edith. Unconsciously, she was expressing her overflowing heart in music, and the

melody shaped itself to the words of Mary's hymn. Forgetting that any eye was on her, she abandoned herself to the soft charm of the simple notes.

"Do you know what she did," said her father in a whisper, and he narrated her conduct at the race.

Jessie, who seemed to feel they were talking of her, looked around: Mary beckoned to her, she rose, wondering what they wanted.

"So you were beaten in the race," said Mary.

"By her own fault," said Fairface.

"I hated to beat Carry," was her only answer; and whilst they were plaguing her, a lady entered, a stranger to the Governess, but evidently a person high in the consideration of the family.

As this lady is closely interwoven with our story, it may be well to say a few words of her in advance. Miss Julia Dartmouth was slightly under thirty, with one of those plain intelligent faces, that so often pass for ugly, especially at first sight. One shoulder was, perhaps, a little lower than the other, but omitting this, there was no striking personal defect. Her manner was very plain and natural, without the slightest affectation or pretension; yet, at her entrance,

the whole family rose as if to greet some superior being—and even Fairface himself was so far shaken out of his stoicism as to salute her with the utmost deference. The secret of all this was that she belonged to the very first family in the city, and her father was a public man of much distinction solidified by considerable wealth. That her visits were rare, might be easily inferred; that she was extremely welcome, could not be mistaken.

She glanced once or twice at our Governess, and then at Mrs. Fairface, who though construing aright the import of the look, declined to give the solicited introduction.

Fairface, maddening as he caught sight of Mary's crimson cheek, said in a voice deep with smothered feeling: "Permit me, Miss Julia—our friend, Miss Lorn"

Mary would rather have encountered a volley of musketry, than such a merciless ceremony—merciless, because evidently delayed. A sweet smile from Miss Dartmouth somewhat calmed her confusion, but the arrow still quivered in her side.

But Miss Dartmouth's manners were so simple, yet so winning—her conversation so artless.

yet so pleasing,—every look, motion and accent proclaimed her such a thorough-bred lady, that Mary soon forgot her transient mortification in admiration of the stranger. Miss Dartmouth knew enough of the world to see that Mary was a Governess; Mrs. Fairface's manner had made it plain enough.

“Poor girl,” she sighed to herself, with more than one glance at Mary's intelligent face and head. “You have been a naughty girl,” she said aloud to Edith, “do you visit me so rarely, to make me think you an angel when you come!—I am aware,” she continued, glancing at Henry Arlington, “that you have more pleasant engagements on hand, but I insist on better treatment, even if under compulsion.”

“Edith is so timid,” said her mother.

“A most unfashionable fault,” said Julia, “You should resent the accusation, Edith.”

And Edith laughed; the conversation was above her mark.

“Don't you mean to invite me to your first party,” she resumed, still more playfully.

“Yes—yes indeed,” returned Edith, “it would be nothing without you.”

Instead of replying, Miss Dartmouth suddenly looked very grave. She was a pious communicant of the Established, Transplanted Church of England, and her eyes were riveted on the open piano. Between the ride to Oakland, the dinner and the horse-race, the whole family had forgotten that it was Sunday. How could there be such an oversight! Quick as lightening, Mrs. Fairface closed the instrument and the cloth was arranged, as if to hush up the unintentional violation of the Sabbath.

“We have been in the country all day,” she said, as if Saturday night were to blame in the matter. It is hard to say under what denomination Miss Opie would class such a delicate deception.

Fairface fairly writhed. Had it been any one else than Julia Dartmouth, he would have hurled back the lid and pounded away for the edification of the neighbourhood. But Julia laid him under a strong restraint, from some cause yet unknown to the Governess.

The most familiar faces are soon forgotten when circumstances change, and especially if the features change with circumstances, or are varied, or expanded, or compressed by

time. Now, it happened that Mary Lorn was once a pet of Julia Dartmouth's, that the families were intimate, even friendly, which means vastly more. But the Lorns had fallen from their high estate, and the Dartmouth family had been with their sire on a mission to one of the first European powers. Mary and Julia kept looking at each other, with an interest that must have seemed singular. Julia had changed most, and Mary was the first to remember that Miss Dartmouth was not a stranger,—that once, in the morning of life, she had been with her daily, that their lips had been joined in the holy union of friendship, that the stranger had been to her a second mother, and a monitor, whose lessons were still remembered. The remembrance came stealing over her like distant music, until the Julia, the dear Julia of the past, was blended with the being before her. Every feature assumed its old character, and she was ready to spring upon her, with the boisterous love of a privileged pet. But she recoiled. Between them yawned the fatal chasm—the pit which wealth digs between itself and poverty. The impulses of her fond, young heart urged her on; but the hand of maiden

modesty restrained an exhibition of affection, which might be untimely or even unwelcome.

Equal natures, however, beat in almost equal time ; they are rarely out of harmony.

“What did you say was the name of that young lady,” said Miss Dartmouth to Edith.

“Miss Lorn,” replied the love sick girl.

“Mary Lorn?” asked Julia, intent upon the name and reviewing the past, in connection with the form before her.

“Yes,” said Edith, “Mary Lorn. She is our Governess—that is, for Carry and Jessie.”

“Mary Lorn,” muttered Julia to herself, and their eyes met, and meeting, answered in mutual recognition. They rose by a mutual impulse—and as they stood face to face, the half-forgotten past arose, clear and distinct, like the sun emerging from a cloud.

“Is it you Mary?” said Julia, clasping the mute Governess to her heart. “You dear, blessed sun-beam of my youth, have I found you again!” And with pure, lofty, genuine feeling, Julia Dartmouth kissed her again and again, as if time had but sharpened the edge of affection. Silently around them, stood the

Fairface family, as much surprised as the chief actors in the scene.

Question followed question, embrace embrace, and the two friends, for more than an hour, continued to indulge in reminiscences, unmindful of the witnesses to their words.

Happiest of all was Jessie—she wept with Mary, as if the joy had been her own. And so it was; a noble nature lives a double life, feeling another's rapture as well as its own.

"And your mother?" said Julia.

"Is well."

"Will you take me too see her?"

"Yes."

"To-morrow?"

Mary hesitated.

"Yes!" said Fairface.

CHAPTER VII.

The next day, Monday, Mary's duties as Governess began. Miss Dartmouth's friendship had remedied the unfavorable impression caused by her preference of Jessie, and Mrs. Fairface was disposed to regard the Governess with increased affection. Even Henry Arlington's eyes were opened, and he thought Mary worthy of an occasional glance, a smile, or a word. Her path was not the thorny one she expected to tread: the recovery of an old friend had smoothed the way.

Before Julia called to pay the promised visit to Mrs. Lorn, Mary had learned from Jessie, that Miss Dartmouth was to be married to brother Charles, on his return from Europe. She hoped that this brother Charles might be like Jessie, and in every way equal to one so accomplished as Miss Dartmouth. In short, he became to her an object of special curiosity: but there was no daguerreotype of him within reach, and she had to content herself with ideal pictures of her friend's future husband.

We shall not prolong a story already sufficiently barren of incident, by relating the particulars of the interview between Miss Dartmouth and Mrs. Lorn. It was hard for Mary and her mother to receive their distinguished visiter in the confectioner's rooms; and it was harder for Julia to see the once brilliant Mrs. Lorn in such straitened circumstances. But Miss Dartmouth had seen the whole round of pleasure, and was heartily sick of the folly, worldliness, and inelegance of most of her acquaintances. She enjoyed the sweet voice, the fine accent, the enthusiasm and keen wit of Mrs. Lorn,—she loved the unaffected simplicity and unpretending grace of her daughter,—and whether in a palace or a hovel, it mattered not to her true heart. Superior to fashion, she had prized them for their worth: constant in every affection, she could not recognise in poverty a plea or even a temptation to fickleness.

Mary, unwilling to neglect her *bijoux* for any cause, was soon compelled to return. Miss Dartmouth refused to go; and it was dark before she could prevail upon herself to leave the widowed mother. It was a tale of sorrow and trial, that which Mrs. Lorn revealed to Julia;

but, at parting, she believed the kind voice that whispered, ‘There are happier times!’—

Mary had heard Julia promise to see her mother, almost every day, and this promise was a consolation beyond expression. Her mother was no longer sitting alone and friendless from week to week,—there was one at least—and a friendly one—to share her solitude. As a matter of justice, Mary treated Carry and Jessie with equal kindness in all their studies. The case was not so difficult, as it seemed at first; for after school-hours, Carry preferred to ride or walk with her mother or Edith, and show her rosy face to admiring boys,—whilst Jessie’s delight was to steal up to the room of her Governess, to listen to her songs and try to repeat them. Her father had bought her a beautiful guitar: it was not new, but not the less valuable on that account. There was a strange resemblance between the instrument and one which had once belonged to Mrs. Lorn: but guitars are so much alike. Jessie was never happier than when Mary was teaching her a hymn: she caught the air with incredible rapidity, and added an accompaniment almost instinctively. She would sit on a cushion at

Mary's feet, and whilst the Governess was sewing or reading, Jessie invented hymns to the angels, shaping the sound to thoughts of her own. At other times, she would ask all sorts of questions about her mother in Heaven, and wanted to know where Mary went to church, beseeching her to take her there sometimes. In this way, an aspiration arose in Mary's soul to have Jessie a Catholic—she fancied that she might lead that pure young lamb into the fold of Christ, and give joy to Heaven—that if Jessie grew up a Protestant, she would have a terrible account to render at the last day, for neglecting the opportunities now within her reach. Yet how within reach?—By a promise not to use them—by a promise to avoid the subject of religion. Yet, had not this promise been suspended by what Mr. Fairface had said?—Her doubts were numberless and inconclusive. Why, the missionary leaves his native shores and crosses the ocean, forcing his way through forest and swamp, to suffer and die for those whom he went to save. Shall she neglect this lovely girl, who comes to her, inviting the blessing which others would suffer martyrdom to bestow? Yet she had not gone forth

with the black gown and the cross, the undisguised minister of salvation, called to teach all nations, and exulting in his mission. She had crept into the house under a false mantle, and felt ashamed to take advantage of a position obtained by fraud. Are these questions for a girl to solve? Is not the director at hand? Yet should the decision be, that her promise was invalid,—that she must retract and admit that she meant to make Jessie a Catholic?—Terrible thought! Thrown out of employment, who was to sustain her mother?—blank, bitter poverty stared them in the face:—for herself she cared not,—but to witness a parent's utter desolation and destitution, to bring down suffering, it might be blindness, on a mother's head—Oh Mary this was hard to do! She trembled and shrank from the possibility of such advice; for if once advised, it must be done. Such was the daily struggle of her spirit; and little dreamed Jessie of the pain she was innocently giving her best friend.

Mrs. Fairface was determined to carry out her original intention of freeing Mary from the antiquated fetters of Popish superstition. To ensure success, she proposed to enlist Miss

Dartmouth and the Rev. Mr. Easy in the cause, never doubting but that a complete triumph awaited her. But there was another wheel at work, which we shall presently see.

In the meanwhile, Fairface was as restless as an unbroken horse, wandering about the house like a disturbed spirit, or locked up in his favorite 'Solitaire.' Mary had never been in this sacred retreat, since the evening of her arrival: Mrs. Fairface was never admitted: even Jessie was excluded—with rare exceptions.

One evening, however, when Mrs. Fairface, Edith and Carry were at a concert, escorted by Henry Arlington, Fairface astonished the Governess and Jessie by inviting them into the mysterious apartment. Jessie could not approach it without a certain indefinite awe; as if expecting some strange, unearthly being to start from behind the door, or jump down the chimney. Mary's feeling was one of mere curiosity to know what charm a man like Fairface, apparently insensible to literature or art, could find in such half solitude; and, being a woman, she felt a temptation to pluck out the heart of his mystery. But Fairface had no intention of making an immediate revelation.

He motioned Mary and Jessie to a lounge—the only one in the room—and placed himself in his old writing-desk chair, which he never abdicated for man or woman.

“So, Jessie,” he began, “I hear you are studying hard. Do you know where Rome is?”

“In Italy,” said Jessie.

“And where is St. Peter’s Church?”

“In Rome.”

“Do you know who built it?”

“Michael Angelo.”

“Would you like to see it?”

“Yes, indeed,” said Jessie, with glistening eyes.

Fairface shook his finger at the Governess, and drew a jeweller’s box from his pocket. It contained a pearl necklace, very much like Carry’s, but more costly.

“Come here,”—and as the child advanced, he reached out his arm and placed her on his knee. “I also hear,” he continued, “that you are doing wonders in music, especially on that old guitar. I want to hear you sing.

The instrument was in the room.

“Shall it be a song or a hymn?” asked Jes-

sie, almost too frightened to speak above a whisper.

“A hymn!” ejaculated Fairface. “What hymns do you sing?”

“A few that Miss Mary has taught me.”

“Indeed! Then we’ll have a hymn by all means,” and he shook his finger still more vehemently at the Governess.

Jessie began—

“Sleep my child and when I slumber,”

singing it to her own music. Had an electric eel struck Fairface, the shock could not have been greater.

“Hush,” he muttered, stopping her at the first line. “That’s not the air.—Give the guitar to Mary.—Sing it, Miss Mary,” he said, and leaning back in the chair, whilst Mary sang, he made Jessie lean upon his breast; and taking the ornament from its purple case, passed it over her neck. The change in Fairface compelled Mary to pause for breath, in the middle of the hymn. All his sternness had disappeared, and an expression of childlike innocence and joy shone upon his face. Far away into the dreamy past, the music carried him,

reanimating the dear ashes which his memory kept, until the scenes of youth were acted over.

“Is this the way you teach my child?” he said to Mary.

“Do you object?” she replied. “I cannot help it. If—”

“I don’t object!” cried Fairface. “What do you take me for!”

“For a man who hates to hear the end of a sentence.”

“You said that like your——self,” he said, smiling sadly. “Jessie,” he continued, “do you know where St. Paul’s Church is?”

“In London.”

“Do you know who built it?”

“No, sir.”

“I thought not. Is St. Peter’s Church Catholic or Protestant?”

“Catholic.”

“And St. Paul’s?”

“Protestant.”

“Which would you rather see?”

“St. Peter’s,” said Jessie.

“Why?” said Fairface.

“I don’t know,” said Jessie.

“Would you give this necklace to see St. Peter’s?”

This was rather a hard question, and he had to press her for an answer: but at last it came—“Yes.”

“I should think,” said Fairface, smoothing Jessie’s hair, and appealing to Mary,—“I should think that you had been *answering her questions* with a vengeance.”

“Mr. Fairface—”

“Another time. Do you think it makes any difference to me? Do you imagine that I am going to let my little Jessie become a poor benighted Papist? So do your worst, Miss Mary: there are too many in the opposition. I had letters to-day from your brother Charles,” he said to Jessie. “His health is much better, and we may expect him in the next steamer. God bless him!” murmured the father, “he’s a noble one”

CHAPTER VIII.

“So you are bent upon making Jessie a Catholic,” said Mrs. Fairface to Mary, as they were sitting together the next day.

“I cannot help trying, if I am with her,” replied Mary. “I have made a promise, which I feel unable to keep. How one, who pretends to be a Catholic, can refrain from encouraging a Catholic tendency manifested in another, surprises me.”

“Has Jessie manifested any such tendency?” asked Mrs. Fairface in some alarm.

“I think she has,” replied Mary.

“How?”

“I sang a hymn for her one night, about the Blessed Virgin, and since then her thoughts have been running upon her mother in Heaven.”

A pang went through the woman’s heart and she bit her lip in stern silence. There was a cancerous reproach in Mary’s words,—they spoke volumes of bitterness.

“Am *I* not mother enough?” was her vehement answer.

“My own Mother,” said Mary quietly, “has been to me all that a parent can be—has devoted all her time to my improvement—has nursed me in every sickness—and smiled away all my tears;—and yet *she* is not mother enough. I need the prayers of an immaculate mother, who stands above the angels in the presence of God.”

“You make her a Goddess,” said Mrs. Fairface.

“And you deny her sanctity.”

“In what way?”

“By studiously withholding from her, the attribute she claims—*Blessed*.”

“We do not regard her as omnipotent,” said Mrs. Fairface.

“But do you not think that the Son who looked up to her on earth, will look down upon her in Heaven, and grant the prayers of the mother he once obeyed?”

“Do you expect to convert me!” Mrs. Fairface exclaimed, rather than inquired.

“Why,” said Mary smiling in spite of herself and enduring quietly the dark artillery of

her opponent's eyes,—“Why, my dear Mrs. Fairface, I freely confess that I have at present no such expectation; but you have been so kind to me and are so generous and forgiving, that I think you could be made a Catholic without much difficulty.”

The arch smile on Mary's face—the unexpected sweetness of her tone—the frankness of every word, and more than all, the superior humour of her manner, did more for the Governess than hours of argument with one who was evidently not her match.

“You Jesuitical creature,” said Mrs. Fairface palpitating between anger and laughter

“You pay me too great a compliment,” returned Mary, inclining her head.

What more might have followed, we know not: the discussion was suspended by the appearance of Fairface. He noticed his wife's agitation and guessed the reason.

“Quarrelling about religion, I suppose,” he said. “When two women meet in controversy, good bye to a fair conclusion.”

“It has come to this,” said Mary: “I shall see my confessor to-morrow, and if I can stay here without making any attempt to enlighten

Jessie, I shall do so with great pleasure, otherwise we must part."

The Governess was pale as death, as she thus firmly announced her determination: a determination dictated by her own judgment and feeling, and matured without advice. It was no easy thing for one so young and so dependant upon stranger generosity, to take a step calculated to blight her own prospects and her mother's temporal ease.

"Mary Lorn," said Fairface, extending his arms and revolving on his heel, "I hereby give, grant and extend unto you full, free and entire permission to convert this whole house, from me down, John the servant inclusive. And I hereby command and enjoin upon my wife Mrs. Fairface, to unite and join in the same desire."

"On one condition," replied that lady "that I have full, free and entire permission to convert her."

"Certainly," said Mary.

"You will go with us to church sometimes," pursued Mrs. Fairface.

"Never," replied Mary.

"Are you afraid?"

"Yes."

“You fear the truth?”

“No—error.”

“I do not object,” continued Mrs. Fairface, “to hear mass occasionally.”

“There is no reason why you should,” replied Mary, “you hear the true originals of your best prayers.”

“Then why not come with us to hear the translation,” said Fairface coming to his wife’s relief.

“It is not a translation, but a paraphrase,” returned the Governess. “And you have taken the shadow without the substance, the symbol without the sacrifice, the altar without the victim.”

“You certainly have the pleasantest way of saying the most disagreeable things,” remarked Mrs. Fairface.

“And so had her mother,” muttered Fairface to himself. “But a truce to controversy,” he resumed, “it never did and never can do any good. When I spoke of converting the whole household, I did not mean to convert this respectable domicile into an ecclesiastical forum. I meant—and so Mary understands me—that those silent, inevitable influences, which mortals

exercise on each other, may have full play; and that Mary's instructions, must take colour from her own opinions. Let each of us praise our own belief—it is right and fair; but no controversy, ladies, if you value my repose.”

Mrs. Fairface, though not entirely pleased with the result of the conversation, because she perceived her inability to compete with the logical Governess, was only the more determined to retrieve herself through her powerful reserves—Miss Dartmouth and the Rev. Mr. Easy.

Another subject, not less dear, and more momentous, divided her thoughts. Tuesday night was fixed for the ball, in which the blooming Edith was to make her *debut*. Edith was on the point of coming out, or, in other words, was about to exhibit herself to the beau monde as a marriageable young lady, already blessed with a good offer, but yet not disposed to reject universal admiration, and even willing to exchange her suitor for a better. She was to be launched, with all her sails set, upon the private and particular lake of fashion. Young ladies look forward to this period with much confidence, feeling secure that their charms must triumph; and like a young author, with his first work, expect

to set the world on fire. Mothers, however, who are constitutionally tremblers, and who know the stupidity, insensibility, jealousy of their intimate friends, are not quite so sanguine, and many a fear possessed Mrs. Fairface, that her daughter might make an undecided hit, or even a failure : that she might lose her self-possession : that her beauty and bearing were so superior, that the voice of calumny might be raised against her charms. The day was fixed, however—Edith's appearance was expected—and during the intervening week, all the arts and graces of reception, dismissal, avoidance, solicitation, mock anger and feigned transports, gliding away with averted head, the motion of the fan and the moistening of the lip, the carriage of the arms and the peeping of the toe from the skirt,—all these wonderful mysteries were to be assiduously practiced. Conversation was an inferior matter, and came of itself with the impulse of the moment : the gentlemen are expected to talk—it is surely intellectual enough for a lady to listen. In all these sciences the Governess was unskilled, and Mrs. Fairface humbly confessed herself scarce up to the refinement of the times, and unable to in-

struct her daughter. She could take care of herself, but she wanted a loftier model for her daughter. No pains were spared; and Edith had numberless conversations with her friends who had emerged triumphantly from the ordeal a year before: from them she learned the Eleusinian secrets never unfolded to mortal man,—the cobwebs of fascination and the bands of captivation were placed in her hands,—she was told how to entrap the weakness and how to foil the strength of man,—how to conquer by appearing careless of conquest,—how to hide the mole on her neck and display the dimple in her arm—in short, she was trained to a nicety, for the belle of the season.

As the eventful day approached, the whole house was in commotion,—nothing else thought of. Carry neglected her lessons and pouted when reprimanded, until finally dispensed by her mother from class, that she might assist Edith. Even Jessie thought that some great event was to take place, and Mary found it hard to interest her in anything but a ball.

“What is a ball?” asked Jessie three days before the affair, stopping in the middle of a piece of music.

“Finish your lesson,” said Mary, smiling.

Jessie ran through it with ease and repeated the question.

“A ball,” replied Mary, “is something very hard to define. In the first place, a young lady in society, to gratify her vanity or her friends, sends cards of invitation to her acquaintances begging them to come and spend the evening with her. Then a waiter is hired to provide a magnificent supper. At ten or eleven o’clock the company come in full dress—that is white cravats for the men and bare necks and arms for the ladies. There is a band of music, or two or three fiddlers, and they dance until supper time—then eat and drink—then dance until they are tired, then go home and go to bed.”

“Is that all?” said Jessie, not exactly comprehending the enjoyment of thing.

“I am afraid that I cannot tell you any better. Let me see: you remember playing with your dolls, and leaden soldiers, and such things, don’t you?”

“I remember seeing Carry,” said Jessie.

“Well,” continued Mary, kissing her, “you know how pleasant it was to see the little crea-

tures dance. Your sister Edith is tired of her dolls, so she must have real persons to come and dance for her. They are both puppet shows Jessie, with this difference, that the first is innocent, the second often guilty, and that one costs a thousand dollars more than the other."

"Is there any good music?"

"Not that I know of."

"No singing?" pursued Jessie, whose ideal ball was losing its tints.

"Very rarely."

"Do they do nothing but dance and eat?"

"They talk and give a great deal of scandal," said Mary.

"What's that?"

"How many more questions are you going to ask me?—wait until you see it."

"Will you be there?"

"Not I!" replied Mary, "My dear Jessie it is no place for me."

"Why not," said the wondering child.

"I have no dress."

"But sister will lend you one of hers."

“No, no,” cried Mary, laughing, “it wouldn’t fit. And then I have no wish to go.”

“I’ll tell father to make you go.”

“It is beyond his power,” said the Governess.

Jessie opened her eyes wide: never before had she imagined that any thing in the world was beyond her father’s power.

Whilst they were talking, Edith herself approached Mary, saying—

“Have you determined yet what to wear?”

“At the ball?” said Mary.

“Yes.”

“I am not going.”

“Not going? Impossible! I insist upon it, and ask it as a personal favor. Indeed, Miss Mary, I shall never forgive you, if you treat me so shabbily.”

“I shall not be missed, my dear Edith,” replied the Governess. “No one knows me or cares to know me, and I should have a most unfortunate time. I must entreat your indulgence: it is sufficient for me to know that you enjoy yourself.”

“I am sorry, indeed I am,” whimpered the pretty girl. “You must change your mind—indeed you must. And now, I have a favor to

ask. Father hates parties, and has always said that he would rather be scalped at an Indian war dance, than endure a regular ball. I want you to use all your influence to induce him to enter the rooms on Tuesday night. I have set my heart upon it, and you must help me."

"I should do so willingly," returned Mary, "but I am not aware of having any influence with your father. On the contrary, I imagine that if his daughter's request be refused, he would only laugh at me."

"Not at all. Mother says that you are the very person, and that a word from you will do more than all our persuasion."

"It is impossible," and as she spoke Fair-face presented his square shoulders through the door.

Edith gave a side glance at Mary, as if to say—"speak at all events, he is in a good humor."

"I wish this fandango were over," said Fair-face, "the house is turned upside down. Is *your* head turning too?" addressing himself to Mary.

"Turning upon the tie of your white cravat," rejoined the Governess.

"I never wear a white cravat," said Fairface.

"But you intend to wear one on Tuesday."

"Why?"

"Because it is fashionable."

"Is that a reason? What do you mean, Mary Lorn? Do you imagine that I am to participate in the anticipated puppet-show?"

"Why not?" pursued Mary.

"Why should I?" said Fairface.

"To protect your daughter."

"Are not you, and her mother, and her own good sense, and *my* house, protection enough?"

"No," answered the Governess. "A good father is a daughter's best safeguard."

"Do you call me a good father?" he retorted, with a sigh that shook his frame for a moment.

"Yes, indeed," whispered the musical voice of Edith, "the best and kindest father that ever was. You cannot mean to tell everybody that you are indifferent to your eldest child.—Everybody will be asking, 'Where is your father? Where is your father?' And how shall I answer them—what shall I say?"

"Say that I am playing solitaire; and if that doesn't content them, add that I have a perfect

contempt for all sorts of dances ; or if they are still unsatisfied, you may gently insinuate that they may go where there is no need of asking any questions. Perhaps Miss Lorn wishes that I should go to *protect* her ?”

“Not at all,” replied Mary, “I have not the slightest intention of being present.”

“So, ho !” laughed Fairface, “you would stick me up in the pillory and escape yourself. You are young, unmarried and sufficiently good looking : I am old, blessed with a family, and as unprepossessing as a Convent porter.—And yet you dare to catechise me for declining an honour so much more becoming to you than to me.”

“Pardon me, sir,” said Mary ; “if I were Edith’s father, my heart should prompt a distinction which you have omitted. Subtract the head of the house from the ball room, and the remainder is nothing.”

“A decided compliment to the rest of my family. Jessie, get me some cotton for my ears.”

Jessie, who thought he had the ear-ache, was going for the cotton, when Miss Dartmouth was unexpectedly added to the group ; not,

however, before Mary's quick eye had discerned traces of real sorrow and concern in the father's face.

"They are pestering me, Miss Dartmouth, to show my forbidding face in the ball-room. Tell them the impolicy of the thing and demonstrate that the great bear must always be a bore in such an elegant cage."

"I should rather advise," said Miss Dartmouth, "that an additional set of waiters be employed to drag you in the room if you refuse, and keep you there, if you attempt to bolt."

"You had better," he returned, "employ a select body of old maids to force this refractory Governess there, and leave me to my own amusements."

"Why surely, Mary, you are going," said Miss Dartmouth.

Mary shook her head very gravely.

"Nonsense," continued her friend; but Mary was inflexible.

"Let us make a compromise," said Fairface. "If Mary goes, I go; not otherwise?"

"Do you promise?" said Miss Dartmouth.

"I give you my word," said Fairface, who by this adroit manœuvre had diverted the brunt of

the battle from himself and concentrated the attack upon the Governess. She felt her awkward position, and was inclined to tax Fairface with unkindness, in thus escaping by victimizing her.

"You have taken a most unfair advantage of me," she said. "I little thought that Ajax was to fight behind the shield of Teucer."

"I wish you had had no tongue," growled Fairface. "Get me the cotton, Jessie! Why don't you persecute me too?" he said, catching the child in his arms, as she rose to obey him.

"Beg him to come," cried Edith: but Jessie looked up in his eyes and uttered not one single word.

"I asked you for cotton," he continued, "and now, I want a bandage for my eyes. Don't look at me, Jessie. This is too bad. And here come Mrs. Fairface and Carry to increase my perplexity. Let me go!"

"Remember! you promise," cried Miss Dartmouth, as he vanished, slamming the door after him.

In the conversation that followed, Miss Dartmouth consoled the family, by explaining her intention, which was to induce Mrs. Lorn to command her daughter's presence at the ball.

“Will you go with me to see your mother?” she said to Mary, thus offering an irresistible inducement. The carriage was at the door—Mrs. Fairface suggested that the day was fair—every thing beckoned her to her mother, and not one suspicion of the trap crossed Mary’s mind. Even had she divined her friend’s intention, she would have thought her mother, the last person alive, to advise a step from which she instinctively recoiled.

CHAPTER IX.

Mary's good fortune had inspired Mrs. Lorn with new life and vigor. She paid more attention to her dress, and was able to read at night without pain. Her health was improved by long walks, and she was even able to compose stories and essays for fashionable magazines. Her pen was well wielded, and her criticism so keen, sparkling and original, that she was always a welcome contributor, though, of course, inadequately remunerated.

Her daughter was delighted with the change, and wondered at her own resolution in taking a stand, which many Catholics are not willing to keep.

Mrs. Lorn was surprised at Julia's unexpected visit with Mary, and the confectioner was calculating largely upon Miss Dartmouth. She had manifested a taste for taffy, and had a sugar-plum mouth, he was sure of that.

"Here we are again," said Miss Dartmouth. "Perhaps we intrude too often upon your solitude."

Mrs. Lorn glanced round the rooms, and kissed them both.

“What a little Paradise this would be,” she replied, “were you always here. As it is, I must admit that I am sometimes lonely enough.”

“Lonely enough,” repeated Julia. “There are times when one cannot read or write—when we are weary, yet cannot sleep. What do you do then?”

Mrs. Lorn drew a pair of beads from her pocket.

“I have an unfailing resource in these. I would advise you to try it, Julia, when you have the heart-ache: it is better than the old comedy.”

Julia shook her head. “I have often remarked,” she said, “the many resources for consolation invented by Catholic faith. It seems as though you trifled with the dignity of human nature. An Italian peasant girl may soothe her sorrows by counting her rosary, but for a woman like you to point to this, as an antidote for pain, is little short of delusion.”

“Are you fond of going to church?” asked Mrs. Lorn.

“Of course I am.”

“May I ask why?”

“Because it is consecrated to the service of God.”

“And so are these beads, Julia: not by the presence of a parson, but by the blessing of a priest. What is your comfort in sickness or trouble?”

“In prayer.”

“How then can you wonder that I apply the same remedy. And if you have an old prayer book that has helped you through many a trial, might you not point to it as the vial that contained a cordial for your soul? Believe me, Julia, that when the imagination refuses to shape the symbols of salvation, when improper thoughts are crowding the mind, and the little devil lurking in the human heart is playing off his seductive panorama, that the crucifix, or a medal, or a picture, telling the tale of redemption, and presenting to the eye what the heart fails to suggest,—that any actual monitor of heaven, like these beads from which you turn, is then a treasure and a friend.”

Miss Dartmouth shook her head.

“If you are ever plunged in sorrow—”

“I *have* had sorrows,” said Julia “and I healed them in the Bible. *It* is enough for me.”

“But when we can’t read, Julia?” pursued Mrs. Lorn, recalling Julia’s own words.

“I can always read that blessed book.”

“And interpret it too?”

“Yes.”

“Are you infallible?”

“No.”

“Is your Church?”

“No.”

“Then who is the interpreter?”

“God!” said Julia, triumphantly.

“Through whom?”

“Through his church.”

“Then his church *must* be infallible.”

Julia hesitated. “She is infallible,” she resumed, “but modestly disclaims the attribute.”

Mrs. Lorn smiled, as she replied, “but my dear friend, do you not see that she forfeits the claim by denying her title. If fallible, you make her an usurper, if infallible, you reduce her to a deceiver.”

“Do you confide in such logic?” said Julia.

“Had I not confided in it,” returned Mrs. Lorn, “I should now be in my grave. When

deprived by one blow, of husband and fortune,—when cast naked on the world, to weather the storm, with this pale flower at my side,—there was nothing to shield me from despair and ruin, but the sacraments which the Catholic Church alone can bestow, and which heresy pretends not to administer. You speak of sorrow, Julia: if ever your heart is robbed of its brightest hope, if ever your breast is aching beyond relief, if ever your pillow bring you neither solace nor repose,—come to me. I will teach you how to say these beads with me, and you shall be healed.”

“You are making the conversation too serious,” said Julia. “I came here for anything else than a theological discussion. You cannot guess what brought me: I have not let even Mary into the secret.”

“What is it?” inquired Mrs. Lorn

“Edith is to give her first ball on Tuesday night, and cannot prevail upon her father to be present. I extorted from him a promise to go, if Mary went; and the obstinate girl refuses. I came here to entreat you to lay positive orders on her to go. It is her duty, and refusal must naturally provoke the family. I shall be there

and promise that every attention shall be paid her."

Rarely, alas! rarely can any mother resist such a temptation, and still less one who has triumphed in the arena for which her child is a candidate. Like an exhalation, rose before Mrs. Lorn, the dream of the past. Mary had never been at a ball—she was now to appear the friend and protegee of the superb Miss Dartmouth. Who could tell what might come of it? She knew how well her daughter would light up—how exquisitely a flower would sleep upon her hair—she saw her moving like a nymph, outshining Edith, and the rest, as the moon outshines the stars.

"You must go, Mary," said Mrs. Lorn.

"Mother?" the Governess answered, in amazement.

"You cannot in courtesy refuse."

"Are you in earnest?" continued Mary, "would you expose me to the critical scorn of every whiskered dandy, who knowing my dependence, may not hesitate to annoy me?"

"This is an insult to me," said Miss Dartmouth, wiping the tear from Mary's eye, "Look at me, Mary,—would I ask you to go if you were not sacred under my protection?"

“And are you not aware,” added her mother, “that the root of your objection is pride?”

“It may be,” replied Mary; “but it is pride less dangerous than the pride which impels me to go.”

“Why not call it duty?” said Julia.

“It is my duty to be firm, that Mr. Fairface may not suffer from my irresolution.”

Mrs. Lorn was silent: Mary’s allusion to pride had staggered her. She was sad and Mary saw it. Kneeling before her mother she took her hands and said:

“I will do as you direct; a daughter seldom suffers from obedience.

“Say the word,” cried Miss Dartmouth, as Mrs. Lorn hesitated.

“Go!” said the mother.

“And now for the dress,” resumed Julia, “Come, Mary, we have no time to lose. You look as though you were to be executed instead of doing execution at the ball.”

“I promise you,” replied Mary, “that you shall have the most dejected companion that ever yet attended you at a feast. Good bye Mother, and pray for me.”

CHAPTER X.

Mary was unhappy: she felt herself almost forsaken by her mother. At least it seemed as if, for the first time, there was a difference in feeling between them,—as if they were not entirely one.

The memorable evening came at last. Edith had the services of four chosen friends at her toilet, not to mention the hair-dresser and several other assistants. The flounces fell ten deep from her waist, and the white skirt was heavy with bouquets; Henry Arlington's she carried in her hand. Four mortal hours were consecutively consumed before her mirror. Carry was scarcely less assiduous in preparing her person for the market; she appropriated the spare advice of the four friends, and copied after Edith as well as she could. Jessie was entrusted to the Governess: the only ornament she wore was her father's necklace. Jessie wondered more at the transformation in the Governess. This transformation was wrought not by the addition of ornament, but simply by a change in

dress. Mary possessed one of those light, elastic figures, which look well in any thing. Hitherto, she had made her own clothes, and though well made, they were far from elegant. But her new dress was another affair: and though the sleeves were long, and though—(much against the milliner's will)—it was high in the neck, yet it fitted to a nicety. Add to this, that the fortunate change in circumstances had given something of a bloom to her cheeks, and that she was entirely unaffected. She smiled at herself in the glass, but rather in mockery than in pride. She had a way of fixing her hair, taught her by her mother. It was a single twist, whose chief beauty consisted in preserving the curve of the head. A quarter of an hour sufficed for herself, and she did not bestow much more time upon Jessie. She played the guitar for her little friend until Miss Dartmouth called for her. Miss Dartmouth called to take her to her mother; for well she knew that it would be a pleasure to see Mary in her new dress.

“It is all right,” said the mother, after a careful scrutiny. “I could have wished the skirt a shade fuller, but it will do.”

Julia was almost as plainly attired as her friend.

"I have brought a few flowers," she said, producing some Japonicas and wax balls, or snow balls, as they were called in the good old days before botany was fashionable.

Mary was passive; and her mother, chosing a cluster of white berries, stuck them in her daughter's hair.

"Nothing more," cried Julia, restraining the parent's hand, which still unsatisfied, was attempting to improve its first careless aim. "It is perfect."

Mary bowed so meekly that they laughed. "Lead me forth," she said, "as soon as you please."

"Tell me, Mary" asked Julia, "is this indifference feigned or real?"

"Real, upon my word," answered the Governess. "If I wanted to go to the ball, I should take no pains to conceal my desire; so now I scruple not to expose my complete indifference. Upon my word, mother," she continued more earnestly, "I would rather sit here and mend stockings from now till to-morrow morning, than spend one hour in that room to-night."

“But if you were not a Governess?” said her mother.

“It would be the same,” replied Mary.—
“I believe that my habits are formed, and that though I am as fond of admiration as other people, I have still such an aversion to general inspection and idle compliment, that nothing in a ball-room can possibly interest me. Why, Julia, our blooming Edith has been all day arranging the gear accumulated in a month, to enhance her beauty; and with it all on, it is not half so becoming as her morning wrapper. I scarcely know her, she is so wilfully ugly.”

“Jealous,” cried Julia.

“I am not jealous,” returned Mary, laughing with them, “for I saw in my glass that I look prettier than she does, and it made me laugh to think of a folly which I am to countenance by my presence.”

“What a grave moralist you are,” exclaimed Miss Dartmouth.

“Give me a hill to climb, or a garden to run in,—let me have the flowers blooming, the birds singing and the tress nodding about me,—let us have a romp in the woods and meadows of Oakland, Julia, and you shall see whether I have

not a soul for fun as well as a taste for censure. But to go and stand up in this pretty white dress, and try to be as agreeable as I can,—to see sights that no Christian ought to see—to witness—I hate balls, indeed I do, and that's the truth."

"You have not had an opportunity to like them," said her mother.

"Is it an acquired taste," replied Mary, "that you would have me learn, as a man learns how to smoke or drink?"

"Few of us have any trouble in acquiring it," returned Mrs. Lorn, "the cup is sweet as soon as tasted."

"And yet you offer me the cup?—Well, I shall taste it, and you shall hear to-morrow how I like it. I must go; Jessie is expecting me."

When they were in the carriage, Miss Dartmouth took her companion's wrist and fastened a bracelet on it. Mary made no resistance, but kissed her friend in silence. And as they rode on she only said:

"Why do you love me?"

To which, womanlike, Miss Dartmouth gave no answer, and loved her more than ever.

There were some carriages already at the

door. Edith was in the room, supported by her mother, in black velvet, on one side, and her father on the other. Mary laughed as she caught a glimpse of Fairface. He was stately and sad, with some cynical bitterness in the corners of his mouth.

“See how he enjoys himself—the paternal proprietor!” whispered Mary.

“Surely, he is no model for you,” returned Julia.

The Governess ran up stairs and found Carry and Jessie impatient for her arrival.

“We thought you were never coming,” muttered Carry.

“Did you,” said Mary, and turning her bracelet to the light, she saw a circle of diamonds blazing in the centre. Carry saw it too.

“Oh me! how pretty!” she exclaimed, and it was pretty, and cost a pretty price.

“Wait, Miss Dartmouth, I shall be ready in an instant,” said Mary. She went to her room, and there alone before the crucifix, she repeated the *Remember*, and returned to the dressing room, cheerful and even beautiful.—Yet it was neither the beauty of passion nor of genius; nor was it that loftier expression which

partakes of inspiration : but there was a clear, calm, intellectual light in her face, and a native modesty, unblemished by the corrupting atmosphere of society.

“Come !” said Julia, and they entered the room, the Governess last, rather dragged by Jessie, than leading her. Mrs. Fairface greeted her last, with sufficient condescension, however, to spare Mary’s blushes. But Fairface shook off his apathy and began to breathe freely.

“Let us walk,” he said, offering his arm to Mary and returning Miss Dartmouth’s approving smile. “I am sick of standing up in the pillory.”

Had Edith or her mother been occupied with anything else than the *debut*, they might have seen in Mary a grace beyond their calculations. But as the rooms filled, so many persons began to inquire her name, that Mrs. Fairface was obliged to explain that she was only a Governess. This intelligence was sufficient to prevent that general attention, which she might otherwise have received, had not Miss Dartmouth’s patronage been cast into the other scale. But Mary’s manner was studiously cold, and her words fell as slowly as drops from a

thawing icicle. To those, however, who remembered her mother and spoke of her, she was unreserved and grateful.

Edith had, wilfully, deserted Henry Arlington early in the evening, for a dashing fellow in epaulettes; perhaps with the design of stimulating her lover's affection. Henry was furious, and longed for an opportunity of revenge. He saw the interest created by the Governess and heard numerous encomiums passed on her, even by the most censorious. Somebody went so far as to suggest that the sweet looking Governess could not have been long in the family, or Edith would have been dressed in better taste. Encouraged by this, attracted by her appearance, and panting for revenge, he approached her.

"May I claim you for the next set?" he said, as graciously as he knew how.

"I do not dance," replied Mary.

"Do not dance," repeated Henry, who, for some minutes, was unable to imagine any other suitable occupation. "You are jesting, surely. Let me prevail upon you?"

"I have already declined," said Mary.

"Perhaps you will walk then?"

"In an instant," she replied, taking Miss

Dartmouth aside. "This fellow," she whispered to Julia, "has not spoken three words to me since he knew me. Do you see his object?"

Miss Dartmouth nodded and smiled.

"I cannot resist the temptation, as mother would say, to have some fun." And with a smile to her friend, she took the expectant Henry's arm.

As they moved from room to room, the gentleman in the epaulettes remarked that Edith became very uneasy and abstracted; and when they disappeared in the Hall, her agitation increased so much, that he left her to the next candidate. Mary's spirits rose with the mischief she was making. She soon contrived to interest Henry in her conversation, and amiably lowered her intellect to his level. He was amazed to find her so agreeable, and wished that Edith would take lessons from her in the art of talking.

Mrs. Fairface was indignant. Once or twice, she asked Henry if he did not mean to dance. But the youth saw his advantage, and being perfectly satisfied with his present employment, declined. Fairface did not seem to notice them. Now and then he exchanged a

gracious word with Julia, but he kept to himself, stern and silent. Meanwhile the great heart of the ball was moving in the centre, unconscious of this side play—of these pulsations at the extremities.

The breach between Edith and Henry was widening every moment. To the parties themselves it appeared impassable, and they internally vowed eternal separation. But Mary, half repenting her folly, and heartily tired of her companion, contrived to rejoin Miss Dartmouth, and when Henry wandered to Edith, he met with a cruel repulse.

“See what you have done,” said Julia.

“I couldn’t help it,” said Mary. “Their wounds must soon heal though, and they will love each other all the better. Are you sleepy, Jessie,” she continued, walking to the child, who sat close by, in a corner.

Jessie looked up and smiled.

“Let us go to bed,” said Mary, “it is near midnight.” And as Miss Dartmouth took her place in the Quadrille, the Governess and Jessie made their escape unnoticed.

They met Fairface in the hall, and he insisted on their accompanying him to ‘*Solitaire*.’

“^h Campagne and cream,” he said to John, and led them to the room. “Take the sofa Jessie—you can sit there, Mary—keep an old man company for a minute.”

He filled a large goblet with wine and drank it off. Then he poured out a little glass for Jessie.

“The next time you catch me at a ball,” he muttered between his teeth. “The next time you catch me at a ball, you may paint me a foolscap and make me a collar of bells, and I promise to walk the public square in them, two hours a day, singing ‘God save the King!’ As for you, young hypocrite,” he said to Mary, “you have thrown the whole camp into confusion by flirting with my prospective son-in-law. I might have known you could do nothing less. Jessie——”

The child was fast asleep on the sofa.

“I am disturbed,” said Fairface, filling and emptying the goblet again. “My son should have been here a week ago: the steamer is ten days out of time. I have kept my fears to myself to save the woman-kind the usual amount of hysterics in such cases, but I am disturbed,” and he drained the goblet for the third time.—

“Yet with this mountain on my mind, I have been compelled, to giggle, bow, simper, and prate for two hours, whilst my wife was wishing you at the—anywhere else. See how blissfully that girl is sleeping.”

“I should think *you* slept very little,” said Mary.

“You are right,” answered Fairface. “And since your advent, I sleep less.”

“I am sorry that I help to keep you awake.”

“So am I,” said Fairface, hanging his head.

“Why do you stay so much alone in this little room?” inquired Mary.

“You would penetrate my secret?” replied Fairface, bitterly. “You would find out what sort of a creature I am. Suppose—” and his eyes glared as he spoke—“suppose that I hated all mankind, especially the inmates of this house,—*my* family, except Jessie there, and that boy, who is now tossed on the sea,—suppose I loathed them all, what would you think?”

Mary was silent in wonder and terror.

“Suppose that I loved, early in life, one who deserted me,—that I married for consolation and found despair! Suppose that in spite of

time, and wrong, and guilt, and woe, *that* love continues, like the Promethean vulture, to prey on ever growing passion,—is this room a mystery to you then?”

The Governess trembled at his wild words and quivering mouth.

“I started life a poet,” he continued, and he dashed his hand against the table. “I feasted on literature, as a bee feasts on flowers, or as a deer drinks at a spring, leaving the banquet undiminished for the herd. I was a loving, gentle, generous being, until one day a winning snake poisoned my life, and changed me from little less than angel, to a fiend.”

The frown on his face verified his words.

“You stare and tremble,” he said. “You think me a madman or a fool,—an unnatural monster who insults your modesty. Mary Lorn, Mary Lorn, if books were true to nature; if they were any thing else than weak, paltry, unnatural lies;—if they really reflected the *heart* of man, instead of his mere outward *seeming*,—you would be prepared for facts like these, and know that it is an every day occurrence.”

“Heaven forbid!” said Mary.

“Since then,—since that fatal day—I have

longed, burned, thirsted for extinction—flat, absolute, complete annihilation. This little room is my only solace, my only refuge from despair. Here have I fought against opium, alcohol, insanity, suicide. Look!” he said, drawing from his desk a loaded pistol, a little golden box, and pointing to a liquor case—“These are my nightly companions, and yet I touch them not! You think it strange that I should tell you this,—and you despise my weakness. Young girl, for years and years, this secret has festered within me, unrevealed. There was no remedy on earth or in heaven. Here I am, a blighted, cursed, corrupted clod, hoping nothing, loving nothing, and fearing nothing but immortality. And this is the end of ——”

“*Protestantism!*” cried Mary, whose interest had overpowered her fear. “The end of Protestantism in a soul like yours! Choose an appointed Confessor instead of me, and the load will glide from your soul, and you shall live again!”

“I heard these words once before!” he said, so mournfully, that the tears sprang from her eyes. “I heard these words once before, and I scorned them. Here is another companion

of my vigils!" and he handed her a miniature. "Now you know me!" he whispered, as the painting fell from her fingers: and, groaning aloud, he covered his face with his hands.

The door opened, and Mary saw a pale face timidly entering. A stranger stood before her, wrapped in a cloak. He started as he saw her, and they stood steadfastly gazing at each other. Mary looked away and rose to go.

"Stay!" thundered Fairface, grasping her arm. As he raised his head, he saw the stranger, and staggered forward to meet him. The room reeled around him,—the lights danced and disappeared through the ceiling—the stranger spread his arms—and fainting and powerless the father fell on the breast of his son.

"Brother! Brother!" shouted Edith, bounding into the room.

"It is Charles—it is Charles!" cried Mrs. Fairface, and like a plaything Charles was passed from arm to arm, whilst Mary led the father to his chair and held ice to his forehead.

When Jessie, who slept through it all, began to rub her eyes, Fairface had recovered enough to speak to his son; Edith and Mrs. Fairface

had returned to the parlours, and the ball went on.

"Come, Jessie," said the Governess, rousing her.

"See if she knows me," whispered Charles. Jessie looked at him once or twice, and was puzzled.

"Good night, father," she said.

"Won't you bid me good night, too," said Charles.

His voice betrayed him, and she threw herself on his neck: it was *brother Charles*.

CHAPTER XI.

“WHO is that young lady with Jessie,” asked Charles, as Mary vanished.

“Mary Lorn, our Governess,” said Fairface.

“She has a very striking face,” continued Charles.

“She is a very remarkable common-place person,” said the father. “I never knew any one so interesting merely through good principle and good sense. She wants the romantic element which is your delight. But you have not seen Julia yet: she is in the other room.”

“I cannot see her in these clothes,” the son objected.

“Nonsense,” said Fairface. “Throw off your cloak. You are better dressed than most of them are now: their collars are down—their coats speckled with spermaceti—and half of them too drunk to notice you. Come!”—and he forced the reluctant youth before him.

Charles stopped at the door, declaring that he would not move another step. Fairface finding that force and entreaty were useless, disengaged

Miss Dartmouth, who had already heard of the arrival, which of course spread through the room with telegraphic rapidity. Her face grew crimson at the sight of Charles; but commanding herself, she saluted him with forced composure.

“Welcome home,” she said. “You have had a long passage.”

“And a perilous one,” replied Charles, “I thought there was an end of me, and abandoned the thought of meeting you again.”

Fairface betook himself to Solitaire, and Charles walked the hall with Julia on his arm, telling her how they floundered in the trough of the sea, and how his heart sank, when, creeping along the deck, he encountered the captain weeping over his wife’s miniature. But he did not tell her that he then remembered her and pressed her picture to his heart; for it was not true, and Charles Fairface, with all his faults, scorned a lie. Perhaps Julia observed a want of something, or felt the absence of the rapture she expected or desired; or, it may be, that too thankful for his safety, she was unmindful of herself. But, at all events, there were tears in her eyes; and when the first emotion

subsided, she listened, pale and trembling, to the recital of his dangers and his joys.

In the meanwhile, Mary Lorn was pondering over the terrible revelation she had heard from Fairface. He was not a man of many words, and whole volumes had been compressed into his broken sentences. And then the picture which had fallen from her hands—it was her *mother*,—young and beautiful, but still her mother. She was not entirely blind; and the mysteries of the ‘*Vierge a la Chaise*’ and the old guitar were partially explained. She wept, too, at her own folly in fomenting a quarrel between Henry Arlington and Edith, lamenting that, with all her good resolutions, the ball had been to her an occasion of sin. But amidst all these gloomy reflections, there came a pale face, with a regular Grecian outline, a face something like her own, only nobler and more commanding,—the same face that had entered Solitaire so cautiously and timidly. And this face was uppermost in her thoughts, and served to diminish the gloom that oppressed her.

She could not sleep: it was vain to try. Had she been firm,—had she consulted her Confessor,—had she refused a request her mother

hesitated to make,—she would have been spared the terrible revelation and the strange meeting with Charles,—the separation of Edith and Henry,—she might now be sleeping as quietly and blissfully as Jessie slept on the sofa. But one false step had plunged her in trouble, and she prayed for the morning,—for the sights and motion of daylight, to assist her in banishing the thoughts that usurped and oppressed her mind. She could hear the laughter below,—the bustle of the dancers and the music; and she fancied that Charles must have met Julia, and saw them moving happily along, blessed in reunion.

The morning came at last, bleak and wet. She rose early and breakfasted alone, then flew to her Confessor. She returned cheered and strengthened: the record of her folly was already in Heaven, and she had offered up the tears of penitence to blot it out.

Heavily hung the day. Carry and Jessie were unprepared for their lessons: the house was in confusion: Mrs. Fairface out of temper, and the servants stupid. Charles had gone out with his father, and Edith, not yet reconciled to Henry, was particularly ungracious and cross-

grained. Though it never once entered her mind that she had been unsuccessful in her first effort, or that she was not universally accepted as a beauty of the first water, yet Edith was unsatisfied with herself and every body else. Charles, welcome as he was, had no business to come in just when he did: she was herself entitled to the undivided honors of the night. Mary Lorn had been entirely too much noticed, and Julia Dartmouth seemed to forget her entirely. A young lady, after a ball, is like a spring that has been stirred with a stick: no longer clear and calm, all the grosser elements rise from the bottom,—the skies are no longer reflected,—there is no inducement either to stop to gaze, or to stoop to drink;—even the bright gurgling laugh, is but a muddy murmur.

Henry Arlington woke with a violent headache, induced by disappointment and champagne. It was in vain that he tried to invest the Governess with seraphic tints and throne her in his heart: Edith had been there too long, and she kept her ground. Besides this, Mary was above him, and a man tires of looking up.

It was a dismal dawn for all concerned, though some of them knew it not; but saddest

of all was Mrs. Lorn. Her conscience accused her all night long, and she feared a thousand more things than she had hoped. Instead of visions of happiness, she saw Mary neglected, insulted, despised;—she saw Mrs. Fairface and Edith brush haughtily by, brow-beating the Governess: then the picture would change, and she beheld dangerous men whispering to her daughter, whilst the delighted girl laughed and listened. The picture was torture. She had no peace until Mary came in the morning.

“I was wrong, very wrong, my dearest child,” she said, “in forcing you out against your will. I have been too severely punished to repeat the fault, and I promise you never to make a similar request.”

“Thank God!” exclaimed Mary, fervently. “We have both erred and suffered: let it be a warning.” She then told her mother of Charles’ arrival; but she did not feel disposed, or even authorized, to mention the interview with Fairface. His words preyed upon her mind, yet she shrank from further explanation of the mystery.

Charles’ arrival was the occasion of numberless dinners, soirees and evening parties. Edith

and Henry were soon as intimate and dove-like as ever, and Fairface was happy with his son. Mary abstained from all their amusements, and diligently performed her duties. Jessie learned rapidly and joyfully : and Carry, adroitly spurred by rivalry, was so industrious as to render her mother uneasy lest she should overtask herself.

Fairface remembered that he had placed himself in Mary's power and avoided her. It is dangerous to hear secrets : when confidence is once lamented, either through fear or shame, we are apt to shun the object we trusted. It was not that Fairface thought less of Mary, but that he thought less of himself, for the want of firmness he had betrayed. He could no longer jest with her, as he did : she stood before him an unwilling monitor of his folly and his guilt. Mary rejoiced at the turn his mind had taken, and that he repented his confidence instead of desiring to continue it. She saw little of Charles : he was rarely at home. Much of his time was given to Julia, and Edith was ever planning some frolic or excursion to entice him out. Charles submitted with great good nature : he was retired in his habits, fond of being alone, or rather fond of the society of a few

friends. But he had made up his mind to run the gauntlet with the best grace, and all the young ladies styled him a most agreeable person with a sweet tinge of melancholy.

Well might they call his martyr-look a tinge of melancholy: they saw nothing more and guessed nothing more: it was only a pleasing pensiveness. Right glad was he when Lent closed the season, and gave him a few evenings at home.

On one of those March nights, blustering, clear and cold, when a good fire and a close room constitute a luxury in themselves, the Fairface family were all seated in the breakfast room, determined to see no company that evening.

"Can't we have a game of cards," said Charles; "I am really worn out with this incessant party going, and consider Lent a very sensible invention. Can't we have a game of whist. Do you play, Miss Lorn?"

"A little," said Mary: and cards were brought. They cut for partners, and Mr. and Mrs. Fairface were matched against Charles and Mary. These two young people were thus *tete-a-tete* for the first time. Charles had

always paid her the most studious respect; but as both were very reserved, little more than the most common-place greetings had passed between them. They had not finished the second game, however, before the bell rang.

“Not at home!” cried Fairface to the waiter.

The door opened and Mrs. Fairface heard a well known voice.

“It is Mr. Easy, I declare,” said the good lady rising and stowing away the cards.

“Suppose it is,” muttered her husband, but he did not oppose her movement, for which forbearance, he may have had his own good reasons.

The waiter, overwhelmed by the authority of the pastor, returned to announce him.

“Shew him to the parlor,” said Mrs. Fairface.

“Nonsense, let’s have him here, my dear,” objected her spouse. “He is entitled to a family welcome.” And so the Reverend gentleman was ushered in.

He was an affable, good looking, well behaved gentleman, and saluted them all, especially Mary, with great courtesy.

"You look much better," he said to Charles. "I hope your health is restored."

"Not entirely," returned Charles. "I doubt whether I shall ever be well: but I manage to sleep and eat."

"I was sorry not to be at home when you called," continued Mr. Easy. "I have been longing for some account of you from your own lips."

"I am a poor talker," replied the young man, who was lamenting the last odd trick. "I tried to keep a journal, but broke down at the tenth page."

"That was wrong. You were there during all the troubles—the Chartist movement—the expulsion of Louis Philippe—the Hungarian revolution—and the flight of the Pope."

"I might have easily filled a volume, but lacked the requisite energy. There is a rich field for future tourists."

"You were all over Europe?"

"I made the grand tour."

"Were you not impressed with the difference between Catholic and Protestant countries?"

"Yes," said Charles, with a glance at Mary.

“ Ah—you are a Roman Catholic, I believe,” said Mr. Easy, bowing to the Governess. “ You must not be offended : I am merely asking for information.”

“ Certainly not,” rejoined Mary.

“ England and Italy, for instance,” he resumed to Charles.

“ There is no comparison,” said Charles, quietly.

“ None whatever. The immense superiority of——”

“ Italy,” added the young man, displaying a touch of his father’s aversion to the end of a sentence.

“ Italy !” was echoed around the table.

“ In every virtue and in every art,” pursued Charles, apparently unaware of the impression he had made.

“ Surely you mistake,” said his inquisitor.

“ It may be,” replied Charles, “ but such is my candid opinion, based on observation and statistics.”

“ But you surely cannot prefer the abject superstition and mental servitude of Italy or Spain, to the might, magnificence and intellectual elasticity of England and Germany.”

“I do prefer it, though,” returned Charles. “I am peculiar in my tastes, and prefer social purity of life to national grandeur. But conceding your facts, I question whether you gain any thing. Germany is professedly infidel where it is not Catholic; and as for England, her established Church is split in the centre: one side tottering towards the Dissenters, the other returning to Catholicity.”

Mr. Easy looked grave. “I am unwilling to believe, my young friend,” he articulated, “that you are an advocate of Popery against the faith of your fathers.”

“Far be it from me to attempt it, especially in your presence: but facts are facts,—I leave the interpretation to wiser heads.”

“I am glad to hear you recant,” replied the minister, partially soothed. “Perhaps Miss Mary may advocate the cause you abandon.”

Mary grew crimson: she saw clearly enough that Mr. Easy sought to retrieve himself by changing his antagonist.

“I am a poor advocate,” she said.

“But you can still give a reason for the faith that is in you,” returned her opponent.

“I can give a reason sufficient for me,” she

answered, "but I cannot give one to satisfy you, or I should convert you at once, which is a triumph I little expect. So it is scarcely worth while to ask me."

"It can do no harm, at all events. We rarely lose by an interchange of views."

"If exchanged without passion or prejudice," Mary added. "But there is nothing more trying to the temper than controversy."

"I am not surprised that it worries you," began Mr. Easy, with a significant glance at Mrs. Fairface.

Fairface saw the inuendo, and saw that Mary felt it and held herself in reserve with that calm deliberation which a sting imparts to some natures. He gathered himself up and smiled. It was clear the Minister thought he had a child to deal with.

"I shall not require you, Miss Mary," pursued the aggressor, "to explain all the mysteries and ceremonies of the Romish Church; but let me ask you, seriously, what you find in it to admire? Is it its idle claim to infallibility—the iron hand with which it fetters reason—the night which it casts on nations? Is it the ceaseless war it has waged against liberty of

thought and action—its open countenance of every crime from which the heart of humanity recoils—the persecution of innocence, and the protection of guilt?”

“If such things attracted me,” said Mary, “I should leave my church and join yours without an argument.”

Fairface trod so furiously on his son’s foot, that Charles was within an ace of screaming.

“What, then, attracts you?” pursued Mr. Easy.

“Her apostolicity, her infallibility, her immutability. But these questions involve long discussion. Let me be questioner awhile. Were you not once in communion with Rome?”

“Assuredly,” he replied.

“Now,” said Mary, “if in communion with a false church, you were corrupted by the association—if in communion with the true church, you erred in leaving her.”

“But, my fair logician,” returned Mr. Easy, “may not *we* have been the true church, and may not you have left *us*?”

“No, sir,” she retorted, “our doctrines are now as they were then, unchanged and unchanging; yours are not, and therefore you are

the seceders. But I knew that we should grow somewhat warm, for I cannot speak on these points without appearing dictatorial."

"Miss Mary," said the minister, almost in a whisper, "your church defends its antiquated errors with antiquated sophistry; but its dogmas, like the syllogisms of the schoolmen, are behind the times."

"In other words, religion has not kept pace with science and commerce, and the Church of God has not varied with the appetites of men. Behind the times!" pursued Mary, smiling; "the ablest minds are just beginning to perceive that the schoolmen they derided are infinitely above them. But, indeed, sir, the idea of determining faith by the times, though not novel, is strange."

"Ye shall judge the tree by its fruits."

"Yes," said Mary, "but we must first taste the fruit to know the tree, and the argument renews itself."

"She is an incorrigible Papist," said Fairface to the minister; "you are only wasting your strength upon an impalpable shadow." And the conversation took another turn.

But Charles did not join in it. He had never

heard any woman, still less a young girl, speak so clearly, briefly and energetically. He was amazed at her power; and, though he knew that she was only repeating the argument of some master mind, yet her perfect comprehension of the points, and the ease with which she managed her weapons, were not the less astonishing. He could hardly realize that the girl then playing with Jessie and answering her child's talk, was the same person who had foiled the minister, and yet dexterously avoided the appearance of victory to spare her antagonist the pain of acknowledged defeat.

"I think," whispered Mrs. Fairface to her son, as he walked the room, "that Mr. Easy has made an impression upon her."

"I think it very likely," said Charles, with concealed malice. "He has certainly made an impression on me."

Mr. Easy, whose respect for Mary had been vastly increased, and who, being really a kind hearted man, was disposed to like her, rose and bade them good night, saying to the Governess,

"We shall meet again. Mrs. Fairface must bring you to see me."

Charles saw him to the door and then repro-

duced the cards. But Mary declined playing, for Jessie was sleepy, and it was growing late. Mrs. Fairface and the girls soon followed, and father and son were left by themselves.

“What a remarkable mind that young girl has,” mused Charles.

“She has her part in her mouth like a parrot, but I question whether there’s much in the head,” responded Fairface, examining the ceiling.

“Rare bird, then,” said the son, taking up Sintram, which Edith had been trying to decipher.

Fairface watched his son, looking out from beneath his eyebrows, with an intensity of expression, unusual even with him. At last a strange smile parted his lips :

“You are reading fast, Charles,” he said. The youth had not turned a page.

“Some of these sentences force me to think,” he replied, without lifting his eyes; and his father continued to watch him.

“Have you seen Julia to-day?”

“We took a walk this morning.”

“Has she named the wedding day yet?”

"Some time in May, I believe," replied Charles.

"Sometime in May, you believe," repeated Fairface. "It must seem a long way off."

"What a fine conception Verena is," observed the young man, turning a page and closing the book. "I'm sleepy."

"I must stop this," growled Fairface as Charles left the room. "Sleepy! Yes—I know how much he'll sleep to-night;" and, full of thought, he went to his dear 'Solitaire.'

CHAPTER XII.

Charles Fairface, as his father predicted, was a very long time going to sleep. He took up, consecutively, at least twenty books:—but to no purpose—there was nothing in them. He succeeded in putting some finishing touches to an old poem, tacking on new ideas to old lines. Even this soporific exercise did not succeed; and he began to torture the candle with the snuffers. At last his uneasiness subsided, and he relapsed into a settled melancholy. There was some dark cloud over the young man's life; or, to speak classically, a sword dangling over his head, suspended by a fine thread. Some cruel spectre seemed to have a hold on his heart, bound, *à la Siamèse*, to his left side.

In the morning, as snipe were in season, he rode out to Oakland to divert himself with his gun, and brought in some choice birds to Julia. Mary saw little of him: he rarely dined at home, and was more assiduous in his attentions to Miss Dartmouth than ever. In fact he rather avoided the Governess, but so respectfully, that

she was glad of it. As for Fairface, strange being as he was, the partiality once displayed to Mary, subsided by degrees into coldness. She was no longer invited to Solitaire, and his indifference extended to Jessie. The friendship between these two forsaken ones was thus naturally increased, and they were permitted to enjoy it in their own quiet way. By dint of much coaxing, Jessie obtained permission to go to vespers with the Governess. Sweet child! the hymn to her mother in heaven had crept into her heart, and her soul throbbed with joy as she entered the Cathedral. The pews were filled,—not with Catholics, alas!—but with stylish sight-seers, who go to criticise the ceremonies they affect to despise. But Jessie heard not their scoffs and saw not their smiles. The psalms sank deep into her young heart, as, like a young bird taking its first draught, she tasted the bright fountain of truth. And through the curling incense, she saw the crucifix, and the image of her Mother in Heaven, lit by the trembling tapers. Who can tell what revolutions are wrought, what impressions are flashed upon the soul by the grace of God, when mortal hearts are reverently bending before the re-

deeming body of Christ. Mary perceived the entranced attitude of the child, her lips parted in rapture, suspended in wonder, her little hands clasped, her eyes swimming in tears. A thrill of joy shot through Mary's frame—that delicious thrill of thankfulness, which every Catholic must feel, to behold a fellow mortal rising to the pure, broad bosom of the Church,—and which once felt, is never forgotten. Mary heard no longer the whispering and giggling of her *dissenting* neighbors; the flush of holy joy had passed into her face, illuminating her pale cheeks, until they shone. But when the benediction was over, and the last psalm intoned, as she raised her eyes—she encountered the steady gaze of Charles Fairface, as he stood in the aisle, with Julia Dartmouth at his side. Mrs. Lorn had seen him when he entered, and his earnest look troubled her. They left the Cathedral together.

“Mrs. Lorn,” said Julia, the instant they were in the street; “I never beheld such irreverent behaviour in any Christian temple.”

“You may well say so,” replied Mrs. Lorn. “There are a number of Protestants, and some Catholics too, who appear to attend vespers for

the sake of violating every principle of decency and propriety. The evil is becoming intolerable, and should be remedied. Those who come, simply to hear a song, should at least hesitate to insult the men to whose courtesy they are indebted for the pleasure, even when they lose sight of their duty as Christians."

"I am surprised that it should be permitted a moment," said Julia.

"It struck me," said Charles, "that a good many went to shew their bonnets and peep into the prayer-books behind them. I felt an inclination to wrench back some of their heads towards the altar."

"But it is a pity," pursued Julia, "that your service is of that character which attracts such people."

"True beauty," rejoined Mrs. Lorn, "is alike attractive to good and bad. But I must admit, that if our Catholics were as regular at vespers as they are at mass, the annoyance produced, in part by their own neglect, would be in a great measure avoided."

During this conversation, as the street was narrow, Charles had fallen behind with Mary, and they walked some squares together. Nei-

ther said a syllable; and as for Jessie, she was wrapped up in delicious dreams, and ran against forty different persons. In this way they approached Mr. Dartmouth's dwelling. Julia and Mrs. Lorn were in close conversation on the steps, discussing the tendency of ceremonials, whether they were apt to substitute empty forms for the essence of religion, or whether they ministered to devotion. This was one of Julia's great points: and as Mrs. Lorn was equally obstinate in opposing her, they were too much absorbed in the debate to think of any thing else. Jessie continued in a reverie: and Mary and Charles, still mute, stood together. This prolonged silence became supremely ridiculous, and Mary began to smile—and the smile soon became a laugh.

“What are you laughing at?” said Charles, in perfect sincerity.

“At the extent of our conversational powers,” replied Mary. “What in the world are you dreaming of, Jessie?”

“Of what she saw at vespers,” said her brother,—and so was he. “Come, Jessie, tell us what you are keeping up such a thinking about.”

“There is a little mound under a cedar tree

at Oakland," said the child, with her large grey eyes still fixed on fancy land, "and I heard a lark singing there once,—a sweet, yellow breasted lark, that staid there all the morning. I was thinking how I should love to be buried there, and that the lark would come and sing there again. Or, may be, God might let me be a lark, and let me fly there and sing to you, though you didn't know who I was, and thought it was only a bird."

"Children talk more poetry than men write," said Charles, drawing his little sister to his side.

Charles spoke the truth: innocence, or at least a love of truth and virtue, is full one half of the highest genius.

"I have heard," said Charles, as Jessie wandered off towards Mrs. Lorn and Julia, "I have heard of your great kindness to my little sister. I have never thanked you for it, but it is not too late now, I hope. I saw, as you saw, the cloud of neglect that obscured her natural light; but I was unable to remove it. You have accomplished, what I only attempted. Do you know what Jessie reminds me of?—Of a chimney sweep who has been toiling through the soot of

his dismal ascent, to emerge with an exulting song. I know the figure is odd, and apparently anything but a compliment. Yet I do not mean one of our negro chimney sweeps, but one of those merry Italian urchins, who bounce out shouting their '*Spazza Cammin!*'

"She is a noble child," returned Mary, who had never heard Charles say half so much.

"There is but one thing to be guarded against," said Charles. "My father is a singular man: his prejudices and affections are sudden, strong, unaccountable, and variable. I think I have remarked, even since my arrival, a change in his manner to you and Jessie. It is only a transient revulsion, however, which must soon expire."

"His kindness to me has been very great," continued Mary,—“his generosity more than I ever can requite. I had no claim to his friendship, and I feel equally sure that I have given no cause for his resentment."

"Resentment is a thing," replied Charles, "which frequently creates a cause for itself, pre-supposing an offence that it may have the mark of retaliation."

"Perhaps he may think that I have too much

influence over Jessie. A parent cannot be more provoked than by witnessing the influence, whether for good or bad, a stranger exerts over his child."

Charles looked at her for a moment from under his long lashes, as if the words had a deeper meaning than appeared at first. His puzzled look revealed to Mary the unintentional ambiguity of the expression, and turned away to Jessie, who had all along been the lightning rod in the conversation. But as she turned who should pass by but Fairface himself, with his wife leaning on his arm. He had come just in time to enjoy the full benefit of the aforesaid look. He passed them with a bow, and approached Miss Dartmouth, wondering who the lady in black with her back turned to him could be.

He did not wonder long; for as he saluted Julia, the lady in question turned full upon him, and he beheld Mrs. Lorn.

With that rapid, powerful self-command, which a woman only possesses, as if by some peculiar mercy to conceal the intensity of emotions with which man is less familiar, Mrs. Lorn saluted him with composure and civility. But

Fairface, unaccustomed to restraint of any kind, blanched, blushed and quivered, as the tumult of passions swept across his soul.

“Is your father in?” he gasped to Julia, and without waiting for an answer, passed through the open door. Mrs. Fairface followed him without a word: a bitter shade crossed her fine brow, but she was trained to her silent, uncomplaining martyrdom: the same arrow had so often pierced her side, that it was scarcely felt as it entered. Perhaps, after all, if we dealt charitably towards this good woman, we should find in her heart more to pity and admire than to condemn.

Miss Dartmouth, with the delicacy and good breeding that distinguished her, suppressed her natural curiosity, and only said to Mrs. Lorn,

“We shall resume our discussion another time.”

The whole scene was a mystery to Charles, and he made no attempt to conceal his consternation and surprise. He stood rooted to the ground, staring at Mary and her mother, with scarce the ability to reply to their adieus as they moved off together.

It was then that Mrs. Lorn trembled: when

she was alone with her daughter. Mary was burning to hear some satisfactory explanation of the mystery which she only half comprehended. But her mother was silent, and she was too discreet and generous to betray a suspicion or put an unwelcome question.

“Let us pass the Cathedral,” said Mrs. Lorn. “The Church is the House of Refuge for the sorrowing soul. As they knelt in the pew, Mary could hear her mother sobbing: and when they rose, there were abundant marks of tears on Mrs. Lorn’s cheeks. But the traces of sadness, the grief, the anger, and the tumult had passed away. And as they walked along, the mother said, with measured words and a cheerful tone:

“Mary, the path of life is a hard one: and virtue must often travel a rough road. The wisest and the best, if their trials were known, would scarcely be envied by those who repine as they envy their lot. In the spring of youth, we sit on some blossoming bough, singing all the day long: but the nightingale leans her breast against a thorn, which is sure to wound it. The troubles, the privations you have had, are but a drop in the bitter cup you must drink—

unless it please Heaven to spare you the trial of longer life. It seemed to me, awhile ago, as if some cruel fate pursued you. But I have asked God to bless you, and I feel that there is no fate but his holy will. Are you able to suffer?"

"I cannot dare much," replied Mary, "but with God's grace, I can endure the worst."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE merry month of May had come:—the gardens at Oakland were bright with flowers—the trees were carefully trimmed,—and the family frequently spent the day there. As Mr. Fairface was at his counting room all the morning, it happened, occasionally that as Mary wandered through the walks with Jessie, they met brother Charles on a similar excursion. And it gave the young gentleman much pleasure to point out the finest views to his little sister, and trace resemblances to what he had seen in Europe. A prospect commanded by a rude summer house, pitched on the top of a high ledge of rock, was peculiarly attractive. These accidental rencontres, were, of course, exclusively intended for Jessie's edification, because Charles and Mary had little to say to each other.

However, one morning, Mr. Fairface *did not* stay at his desk; and it chanced that he was sauntering along the paths of Oakland, he stumbled upon the identical summer house where the three young people were gazing together upon the green fields and the blue hills

in the distance. Though nothing could be more natural than his appearance, and though there was surely no harm in contemplating the beauties of nature, yet a slight spasm convulsed Charles' lip as he met his father's eye. And though it was by no means imperative on Mary to return home to the house, yet she instantly proposed to Jessie that they should go practice a new piece on the guitar!

"What is the peculiarity of this view," began the father, "that you and Miss Lorn, as your mother tells me, are so fond of looking at it?"

"Nothing more than its peculiar beauty," replied Charles.

"You were very much interested in it," continued Fairface. "I fear that I have spoiled the charm."

Charles said nothing: he felt that a storm was coming, and braced himself up to meet it.

"This is the month of May," resumed the father, "and I have not yet heard the wedding day named. It is time that this procrastination should end. It is the gentleman's part to solicit an early day, and I insist on something definite. Listen to me Charles, and don't sit staring

so vacantly at that lost owl: you have been engaged long enough and there is no longer an obstacle to its completion. Your health is improved and there is not even a pretext for delay. Miss Dartmouth is a woman whose hand a king might be proud to touch. If I thought you were trifling with her, though I love you dearly,—though my own blood is flowing in your veins,—yet I should disown and denounce you.”

“I am not trifling with her,” exclaimed the youth, “I am incapable of trifling with any human being. But it is time this bitter farce should end. I honor Miss Dartmouth—I reverence her virtues and respect her station,—but I do not love her and never can.”

Fairface bounded from the bench, like a stricken deer.

“You are amazed, sir,” continued Charles, “that I am bold enough to avow a truth that you have long seen. You know that when I was but a boy, this match was forced upon me: that I submitted to please your pride—that Julia was duped into believing that I was dying of love for her, when, in fact, it was concealed aversion that blighted my youth, and sapped my

strength, and drove me across the water, a broken hearted invalid. You know, that her shadow is still across my life, darkening every hope and crushing every energy:—yet you start when I confess I do not love her.”

Impetuous as Fairface was, there was a settled despair in the young man’s pallid face that awed him.

“So long as I did not love another,” pursued the youth, who in his strong excitement, cared little about the choice of words,—“so long as I did not love another, I was willing to offer up the remnant of life for your sake,—willing to consummate a compact into which we were both deceived. But now I cannot—I dare not! In justice to her—in mercy to myself—I cannot!”

“And who is this other?” whispered Fairface, trembling with suppressed rage.

“She who has just left me.”

“And of course she *has* promised”—

“She knows nothing whatever, either of my repugnance to Julia or partiality to herself. I am not traitor enough to betray my feelings, before I have a right to express them!”

“A right to express them!” shouted Fairface, at the top of his voice. “You shall never

have the right to express them ! Are you mad-man enough to renounce your noble Julia, that you may carry out your fantastic whim about this sallow, hatchet-faced, ill-mannered and vinegar-tongued Governess ? Boy," he muttered in a lower, but not less menacing tone—"you have brought disgrace on yourself and on me. Dare to break this match,—dare to look again on this Mary Lorn,—and I shall cast you forth from my house as I would a leper."

"So be it, then," said Charles, "the sooner this matter is brought to an end the better."

"Charles," cried the father, clutching him by the throat,—“Charles, you will kill me !” and loosening his grasp, the strong man sank powerless on the bench, weeping like a child. “Look you, boy, I love you better than all the world,—I always loved you—from the moment you were born, until now. I have studied your whims, and gratified them all. I never opposed you in any inclination but this—I never asked a sacrifice but one—and that you refuse.”

“It is the sacrifice of more than life !”

“Listen to me :” said Fairface,—“I looked around the world for a wife to suit you : I selected the noblest and the best I knew : I fixed

my heart upon the match—my life is wrapped up in it, and yet to gratify a passing fancy, you doom me to the bitterest disappointment that mortal man can inflict upon me. I thought you were more generous, Charles—I thought you loved me better.”

“Have I not proved that I love you,” said Charles, who, though insensible to violence, was beginning to melt before his father’s tears. “Have I not abandoned every bright dream of youth to please you—have I not suffered night after night the tortures of despair to save you from one poor pang of disappointed ambition.”

“And if it be ambition,” said Fairface, “to aspire to a connection so desirable in every way, it is an ambition I do not blush to own. Charles, with my own hands I have built the pyramid of my life, and it wants the crowning stone. You have it in your power to complete the labours of fifty years. Do you refuse, my son?”

It was a terrible trial for the young man, already wasted by the sorrows he had spoken of,—by griefs, which always strike with a double edge. He loved his father dearly—it had been his paramount passion, until a stronger

feeling took possession of his soul. And that feeling had never found utterance until this moment: he had fought against it with all his power, but in vain:—he had striven to conceal it from himself, and now as if increased by the open avowal he had made, it was still more difficult to repress the fondness he had dared to own.

“You shrink and hesitate,” said Fairface mournfully. “I have but one thing more to add: if that fails, there is an everlasting wall, henceforth, between you and me. You have pledged your honour to Miss Dartmouth, and remember, that in breaking it, you not only forfeit your character, by displaying that most contemptible and shameless of all vices—fickleness,—but that you inflict a deep wound upon her, which no time nor remedy can ever entirely heal. She is a sensitive, earnest woman, Charles,—not one of your mealy mouthed, world-debased misses, who forsake or are forsaken with equal composure,—she is a lady, Charles, who will bend her head, and droop and die.”—

“This very morning then,” said Charles, pale as death, but motionless as marble, “this very

morning, shall end the delay—and if she is willing, I marry her to-morrow.”

“God bless you!” cried Fairface, falling on his son’s neck.

“You should have named me Isaac,” muttered the youth, disengaging his father’s arms. “Good bye—will you be in town this evening, or shall I ride back and let you know?”

“We shall all follow you to town. Once more, God bless you.”

CHAPTER XIV.

CHARLES threw himself upon his horse and spurred rapidly to town. He was glad that clouds were gathering in the south,—that there was every prospect of a storm. There are times when sunlight seems to mock us,—when the gloom of nature is more congenial with our own gloomy thoughts. The young man felt as if he were bidding adieu to daylight. The groom who received his horse, whistled as the youth turned upon his heel, as much as to say ‘I wouldn’t change places with you, my boy, just now.’

At one o’clock Charles was in Miss Dartmouth’s parlour. To his great relief Julia did not appear for some minutes, and he had an opportunity to compose himself to something like decorum. He examined the damask window curtains, and traced the rich figures in the Saxony carpet, and when tired of this, cross examined the chandeliers and stared at the portrait of her absent father, that hung, above him so life-like from the faithful hand of Jarvis.

At last Julia appeared, almost as pale as he, but adorned with her usual sweet smile, and free

from agitation. They sat for some time in silence: the interview was to be more trying than that through which he had just passed.

“When shall we be married?” he said at last. Julia looked him full in the face until he quailed and dropped his eyes, and then in a firm, calm voice, replied

“*Never!*”

“Never!” repeated Charles, who shrank from the very word he wished.

“I have delayed the word too long,” she said with the same sad earnestness, “because it was hard to utter. I have long foreseen that our unfortunate engagement would terminate thus, but you must excuse me that I did not act sooner. I prefer, for many reasons, to remain as I am. My father is growing old, and when he returns, will require all my care.”

“That is a poor reason, Julia,” said Charles; “surely I shall not be in the way of your duty to your father.”

“Since you press me then, I shall speak more plainly. I have long seen that your malady was mental, and I have read in a thousand little things, which you meant not, that I am the unintentional cause of your sorrow. I know that

you could not deceive me, Charles, but I *have* been deceived. The disparity in our years should have taught me better. You will not be surprised then, that I wish to change my position, and, desire instead of giving you constant pain, to become your friend."

The young man took her hand, as he would have taken his sister's, and held it to his forehead. The object of his aversion was transformed into something so noble and exalted, that he felt unworthy of her regard. Yet he spoke not—he denied nothing—but continued, still as a statue, holding her hand to his forehead.

"I have also seen with pleasure, the direction your heart has involuntarily taken. You know me too well to suspect me of jealousy, and you also know Charles, that though I no longer desire your love, I am determined to compel your esteem. Let us say good bye to the past, Charles and pardon me the pain I have inflicted."

She drew off the diamond ring he had given her and placed it in his hand. One moment more—she had received her own.

When Charles recovered his senses—when

the blinding tears he could not restrain had dried upon his cheeks—she was gone. He looked upon his finger—there was only the mark of the plain gold ring—of the thin chain that bound his spirit captive for years. The prisoner released from his familiar cell, trembles and droops in the daylight, and the existence for which he has pined, is at first dreary and desolate. He longs again for his prison and his chain.

Again he mounted his horse and again the stable boy chuckled to think that a gentleman could be so unhappy. Scarce knowing what he did, he threw the rein on the creatures' neck and took the road to Oakland. The family had gone—the hands were in the fields. Leaping from the saddle, he walked straight to the summer house, where he had so often mused with Mary,—where he had so lately promised to obey his father. He threw himself on the bench, and in the blessedness of solitude, wept as if his heart would break. Man, with all his pretended strength, is rarely superior to the relief of tears. He may harden his heart until pain and sympathy cease to move it, but so long as human tenderness remains, the emblem of

contrition assert its power and forces upon him the consolation he recoils from. But the heavy rain drops began to sound upon the leaves—the hours had passed like minutes—it was near sunset. The horse left to himself had followed his master and was pawing and neighing in the path.

“And now to meet my father,” he said to himself, secretly rejoicing at the promise of any excitement. He rode more slowly, though it rained hard; and it was quite dark when drenched to the skin, he reached his father’s door. As he stood in the passage, he could hear Edith and Henry Arlington laughing within, and his proud lip quivered in scorn. He passed at once to *Solitaire*, pale as a spectre.

Mary was in the room: Fairface had just explained to her that the half year would expire in a month, but that she might take leave as soon as she thought proper.

“Well!” gasped the father, as Mary rose.

“Miss Dartmouth has refused me and broken the engagement.”—

The enraged parent sprang from his chair and dealt the table such a blow with his clenched hand that the windows rattled.

“Hold!” he cried to Mary, as she was pass-

ing out, and darting forward, he buried his fingers in her arm. Holding her from him, and fixing upon her a look of bitter hatred and disdain, he said in a low, hoarse tone, as if each word were meant to kill:—

“Mary Lorn, I received you here in mercy, I loved you because you were friendless—I confided in you because you simulated sincerity—I saw you leading my youngest child to idolatry and spared you; but now you have made a traitor of my son—you have destroyed the peace of a noble woman—you have crushed the brightest and only hope of my life. Begone from my sight—you and all your blood! Never, never, cross my path again!”—

In his violence he gripped her arm like a vice and she shrieked in anguish.

“Be a man sir, at least,” cried Charles, and with superior strength, wasted as he was, he wrenched his father’s hand from his prey.

“To the street!” thundered Fairface.

“It is raining.” said his son.

“So much the better!” and half frantic with rage, the misguided man strode into the hall and flung open the door.

“I will go—it is better,” said Mary to

Charles, who held her hand fast in his own. The family, alarmed by the high voices, gathered in the passage.

"Get me my bonnet and shawl, Jessie," whispered the Governess to her trembling little friend: and when Jessie brought them, she knelt and clasped the child to her heart,

"Are you in earnest, Sir?," said Charles.

"Yes." shouted the madman, with an oath.

Without another remonstrance, Charles seized his hat and umbrella.

"Mark me, young man," said Fairface, seeing the movement. "If you pass that door with her, you never enter again!"

"I have no wish."

"I will cast you from me like a dog!"

"Be it so."

"I am in earnest, boy!"

"And so am I.—Come, Mary." continued Charles, who preserved a bitter indifference.

"I beg you—let me walk alone," said Mary.

"Never!" replied the young man, and as he uttered the word—the same word he had heard in the morning,—he stepped after her upon the marble portal and the door closed violently behind them.

CHAPTER XV.

The two friends, for surely the circumstances made them such, preserved their usual silence, as they walked along. And in truth, there was nothing to be said: the facts would not bear a comment. Our Dutch Confectioner was slightly amazed to see the Governess at such an hour, in such a night, and with such an escort. Sundry misgivings crossed his mind: his visions of jellies and orange webs melted away and his wife and he discussed the state of things until morning.

As for Charles, though distracted enough, yet his reveries had a more definite shape; he trembled for a creature so young, so fair, so defenceless as Mary. He paused on the threshold, debating whether to ascend the staircase or retire. His head was spinning and he was prepared to commit any rash act that might suggest itself, or obey any impulse however sudden and improper. Mrs. Lorn's appearance decided him.

"Good night!" he said, and with a swelling heart passed into the street, an outcast from his

father's house. Yet amidst all his woe and desolation, there was a delicious gleam of satisfaction and content—a wild spark that sought extinguishment in wine and revelry. He wandered from street to street, undecided what to do, or where to go. He passed Miss Dartmouth's,—the light was burning in the room where she sat with her Aunt, remembering him perhaps—but remembering to despise. Well might the stable boy congratulate himself.

He paused an instant to mutter a prayer for her, and then drifted on. The dark turrets of the Cathedral rose before him. It was probably there that Julia had pierced his soul's secret. How well he remembered that afternoon, and the thoughts that then absorbed him. As if the hand of an angel staid him, he lingered about the gate: he could not leave it, though his clothes were dripping wet, and though the rain fell in torrents.

“I would give worlds to enter there,” he thought; but the door must be locked—it was nine o'clock—there was no evening service, or if any it was over. Still he ascended the granite steps and tried the door—it was open and a light was burning in the Sanctuary. He walked

on tiptoe to the pew where he had seen Mary and Jessie at Vespers, and threw himself on his knees, invoking the blessing and mercy of God. Attracted at first by the outward majesty of the Church, the young man had said, as many say, if I ever want a religion, I shall be a Catholic. But it was said rather as a concession to Christianity than as a comfort to himself. The obligation of faith and the word of God, had attracted him to admire, but never inspired him to embrace the truths to which he was indifferent, though not insensible. But now, disinherited and forsaken, with the wide, stern world before him,—oppressed with the consciousness of his own unworthiness, and, as it seemed, most selfish obstinacy, he implored the grace of Heaven to redeem a penitent, who had long disdained the mercy to which he appealed.

And as he knelt, a priest accompanied by a gentleman wrapped in a large cloak, entered through the Sanctuary and passed down the aisle, conversing earnestly in a whisper. Charles thought he had seen the gentleman before; there was something in the noble arch of his head, displayed by the lamp, that reminded him of the pastor of St. Timothy's Church, whom Julia loved

as a father, and who was to her a father and a friend. But what the pastor of St. Timothy's could be doing at the Cathedral with a Catholic priest,—or why he should make the genuflexion before the altar, was more than he could tell.

But Charles was engrossed with other subjects: his whole life was passing in rapid review before him—the pleasures, the trials, the sins, the dangers of the past, crowded thick upon him. He stood upon the bridge that was to connect him with a new existence—new hopes, new purposes, new energies and aspirations came welling up from the depths of his soul.

The priest was returning.—Oh, happy moment of grace, glittering like a star suspended from the Almighty hand! Once seized, it lifts us to the bright firmament amongst myriads of stars; neglected, it may never re-appear. As if the hand of an angel led him, he approached the priest—announced his purpose and followed him to the Confessional.

Things were different at Fairface House. Sincerely glad as Edith, her mother and Carry, were to be rid of Mary, yet her harsh dismissal pained them. They trembled, lest Fairface, the violent, might select another victim for his wrath.

He was in a mortal passion, and they could hear him pacing Solitaire like a famished lion in his cage. And more than all this, Charles was gone.

“What is to become of him!” sobbed his poor mother, “He will kill himself—they will bring him home a corpse. Oh my noble boy, why should I be doomed to lose you. Never, never, can I forgive that perfidious wretch, who has bewitched you with her dangerous words,—who has embittered you against the sweetest of women,—who has embroiled you with your father, and snatched you from your mother’s arms.” And in true affliction, the sorrow stricken woman fell upon her knees and poured forth a mother’s fervent prayer for her absent, disinherited boy; whilst Edith and Carry, clinging to her side, swelled the chorus of her grief.

Apart, in one corner, stood Jessie, pale, haggard, but tearless; her white hands strained together, as she gazed vacantly through the window at the rain. Her life, her joy, her daily pastimes, her hours of music and love and sympathy, lay shivered, like broken glass, at her

feet. Aghast, incapable of speech or motion, she stood watching the rain.

“Your father has gone out—I pray God it may be to reclaim his son,” said Mrs. Fairface, rising, as the front door was opened and closed as violently as before. “Run, Jessie, and see!”—The child heard her not—stirred not—answered not. “Go, Carry!”—

Fairface had gone—gone without umbrella or overcoat. What cared he for the rain—he loved it—it cooled him as it fell and calmed the fever in his brain. On he went from square to square, pursuing the path that Charles and Mary had taken. A rap like a thunder peal, brought the startled Confectioner to his door.

“Tell Mrs. Lorn that a stranger wants to see her,” but before the man replied, the impatient father was ascending the staircase.

Mary was leaning on her mother’s bosom, happy and tranquil. The undaunted spirit of her mother had risen superior to insult, and with words of consolation, winged by love, she revived the sweet flower so rudely shaken, until it rose again, as if raised by the sun. She was singing then a merry old ditty, and Fairface stopped for breath, and his knees shook as he

heard it. But summoning all his anger and his strength, he pushed the door open and stood before them.

“Give me my son!” were his words as they started to their feet.

“If I were a man,” said Mrs. Lorn, with a look of deep, proud scorn, “I should hurl you from the room which you have dared to invade. As it is I can only say, Begone! and may the seal of your shame, blacken you forever.”

“Give me my son!” repeated Fairface. “Where have you hid him!”—

“Your son is not here, sir; he displayed a delicacy which his father disregards. What an unmanly coward you are. You drive this unoffending lamb from your door in a storm that might tempt you to harbour a wolf, and before I have calmed her terror or dried her tears, you follow her to renew your insults in her mothers’ presence. Begone! you profane the room.”

“I tell you, woman, that this innocent lamb, at your instigation and under your direction, has filled my house with horror. Under the shape of an angel, she has sown discord between me and all my family—brought me to the verge of madness and sent my son—God only knows

where. Was it not enough, for *you* to deceive and forsake me in my youth, that you must train your daughter to blast my age?"—

"Make the fault mine then, and not hers; and if you war on woman, let your adversary be more than a girl. Listen to me, madman, and I will place you in your proper light. When I consented to marry you, you pledged yourself a Catholic in conviction, and prepared to profess the faith you believed. Again and again, I entreated you to remove the only obstacle to our union: but to no purpose, Your soul was wrapped up in thoughts of gain, and you postponed a sacrifice that might injure your business. When I saw you dallying with my affection, when I saw that you preferred your own advancement to me, and riches to your God, I broke a tie that was unfit to bind me, and gave my hand to a better and a truer man."

"It is false," thundered Fairface, "you abandoned me because I was poorer than the spendthrift who left you penniless."

"Vain, false, treacherous, coward," said Mrs. Lorn, deliberately and bitterly, commanding him with her outstretched finger. "Ambition has

ever been the God of your idolatry, and for a pitiful thirst after the rank to which you were not born, you have sacrificed your love, your conscience, your wife—and your only son. And after this, you presume to question my motives, when your actions are so foul and black, that I thank God, my daughter is free to breathe a purer air. Go home, and humble yourself at the foot of the cross: or if you want another victim, complete the martyrdom of Jessie. Leave me—I command it!”—

Stung to the quick, awed and enfeebled by an encounter with the only living thing he feared, Fairface receded before her, and, in his impetuous descent, overturned the Confectioner at the bottom of the staircase.

“I could have brought him to his knees,” said Mrs. Lorn to Mary, “but he does not deserve such mercy.”

“But for Charles’ sake”—

“Stop!” said her mother, looking her full in the face, “Your little head is running on this same Charles. Remember that if you permit the inclination to have scope, you verify or at least countenance this absurd accusation. So end that dream at once. When this maniac

regains his senses, and his contrition is as sudden as his anger, Charles will be dearer than ever, and destined to gratify some other paternal whim. Let us not stand in the way of his obedience."

"You have omitted Julia Dartmouth," replied Mary; "For her sake I should cease to think of him, even were I so disposed."

"Well said, my noble Mary. There is a kind Father in Heaven, on whose protection we must lean more confidently than ever, entreating him to repress our inclinations and dispose of our lives according to his pleasure. Let us make our home in the hollow of his hand: and whilst our hearts are inseparably joined, we need not wander from our little chambers for the uncertain love and sympathy beyond it, or yearn for more affection than lives between a mother and her child."

"But Jessie—poor Jessie!" exclaimed Mary, as the suffering child rose before her.

"She too is sleeping under his merciful eye."

CHAPTER XVI.

After an early breakfast, Mrs. Fairface, ordered the carriage : motherlike she could not rest until she had found her prodigal son. She drove from hotel to hotel, and at last enjoyed the inexpressible pleasure of seeing his name written in his own bold hand on the record book at A la Mode's. Ordering the waiter before, she ascended three pair of stairs and rapped undecidedly at forty two.

"Come in!" and the afflicted mother threw herself in her son's arms. Charles was as calm as a morn in May : instead of the look of reckless desperation she expected, there was a calm repose more beautiful than any thing she had seen on his face for years : it was the same pure smile that had adorned his boyhood, when he sank to sleep on her breast.

"You must return to us, Charles," said Mrs. Fairface. "This will never do. I have borne up against trials that might have crushed me were it not for the hope of better things. But this terrible separation will kill me, I know it."

Return, return, my boy—your father will forgive you.”

“When I am forgiven, I shall return,” replied Charles—“but not until then.”

“Miss Dartmouth was not in earnest when she refused you—you have not given her any real cause, and there must be some misunderstanding. I can set it all right in an hour, I promise you—I shall go see her this instant. Stay here until I return.”

“Mother!” exclaimed Charles, catching her arm as she rose, “It is impossible. I have given Miss Dartmouth more than one reason to act as she did. I charge you solemnly never to mention my name to her, except as that of one whom she has forgotten.”

“Are you then really in love with Mary Lorn?”—

“I am not in a condition to love any one just now.”

“You do not mean to marry her?”—

“I have no idea of marrying,” said Charles. “I must first invent some respectable mode of earning my daily bread, before I think of involving another in my misfortune.”

“Do nothing that is not respectable, I beg

you my son ; remember that your position in society is not to be sacrificed."

"I am ready to accept the first honest employment that offers : and as for my position in society, mother, that is something a little more than equivocal at present. All honest work is respectable. I knew a tailor once who had more genuine honour, more native delicacy, more true refinement, and more exalted sensibility than any merchant I ever encountered on 'Change.'"

"Your fortunes are not so desperate as that, my son. I have some little property of my own, and whilst that lasts, you must not refuse me the only consolation I have left. Now do not frown and turn away," she continued, pressing her purse upon him. "You insult me, and make a poor return for a mother's love if you refuse again."

But Charles was inexorable and convinced his mother, at last, that his wants were few—that he could not possibly starve—and that he should love her all the more for withdrawing her request.

After she had left him though, he felt rather puzzled to imagine from what source, after all,

his revenue could possibly spring. But youth is sanguine and he invented a thousand plans of realizing at least a dollar a day. Strange to say, there was no young man in town with whom he had ever been intimate—Henry Arlington was a stick,—and he could not think of one elderly gentleman, who was sincerely a friend. Cut off from his family, he was as desolate as if landed at the Feeje islands, so far as human intercourse went: but a new channel had been opened to him—a correspondence fixed with Heaven.

He had a duty to perform in calling on Mary after the eventful night, and looked forward anxiously to the town clock, visible from his window, wishing the lazy hand to overtake eleven in one long leap.

But Mary and her Mother were out, when eleven came, and he called; they had gone a riding, as the Confectioner expressed it, with the lady in the purple coach, by which he meant to designate Miss Dartmouth.

“Perhaps she may desert me too,” muttered Charles, as he strode away. “Be it so: I am able to endure more than this without repining.” But he was sad enough in truth, with all his

self-reliance and determination. He could not bear the crowded streets and hastened back to his room : all his books and clothes had arrived—his pictures and his statuettes in which he once took such pride. Whilst arranging them, as well as the cramped apartment allowed, it struck him that the only immediate employment he could obtain was by writing for reviews. But for what review?—However, write first and seek afterward. Yet what under the sun am I qualified to write about? If I had a volume of bran new verses to review, I am in the humour to make the author's muse repent her acquaintance with earth. Or if I could write, without first reading up to the subject, something might be done at once. Thus mused the young Apprentice, and as he mused and fumbled over his books, a volume of Shakspeare slid off the table, and fell open at Hamlet.

“I'll write a critique of Hamlet,” said Charles. “The royal Dame has survived his commentators, and I think I understand him better than any one who has yet spoken.”

It did not take him long to become full of his subject; he called for paper, pen and ink, and lighting a cigar, fell to work furiously. The

more he wrote, the more deeply was he enchained by the majesty of his author; he was ready to cry '*Eureka*,' when all at once he imagined that he had discovered the true secret of Hamlet's vacillation. The pride of a poet tingled in his veins, and uninterrupted by the gong and the fire bells, he continued his labours until six o'clock.

The sun was still bright, though the shadows were long, and the breeze was fresh and balmy. He thought that he might venture again to Mrs. Lorn's, especially as he had not left his card, and his absence might be interpreted as neglect. His toilet was soon made and he stepped into the street, lighter at heart and well pleased with his labours. There is a way, he thought, of living within ourselves, and the sooner we learn it, the better. But the fresh air suggested that he had eaten nothing all day, and as he stood deliberating where to find the cheapest respectable restaurant—he hated the table d'hôte—he felt a hand on his arm. It was Jessie! She had paced the square for an hour in the hope of seeing him—wandered up and down, expecting and praying, yet not daring to venture in. Her heart was full; and her brother, with diffi-

culty restraining his tears, carried her to his room.

"Oh how pale you are," said Charles, and exhausting all the epithets of endearment, he strove to comfort the little mourner.

"Where is Mary?"

"Safe at home. Come with me and see her."

"No—no," replied Jessie, shuddering, "I have promised father not to."

A cloud crossed her brother's face, but it was only for an instant.

"You are right to obey him, Jessie. But you must not grieve or drop any more of those big tears for me: I am comfortable and happy. I am going to build a nice house in the country—and you shall come and live with me and have a little room festooned with flowers, all to yourself."

"Will Mary be there?" —

"You young innocent," said Charles, smiling as he kissed her, "You have a most Socratic way of asking questions. Perhaps she will."

They spent an hour together—an hour in which Jessie revived like a parched plant after a rain.

“But I must go,” said the child, for the sun had set. “I cannot be out later.”

“Come and see me as often as you can at the same hour; I will meet you at the door.”

Jessie promised to come as often as she could and then turning quickly to hide her tears, tripped homeward.

Charles took the opposite way and again applied to the Confectioner for admission. They were in. He did not tremble as much on the staircase as his father did—but still his hand was not particularly steady.

“I shall ever be gratified for your kindness to my daughter,” said Mrs. Lorn, “and am most happy to meet you.”

Mary said nothing, and the conversation turned upon indifferent subjects—the weather, the news from Europe, and other standard topics of interjectional acquaintance. But though nothing could exceed Mrs. Lorn’s polite deference to her guest, yet Charles was frozen and repelled. Mary too, instead of manifesting any particular interest in his fate, was content to ask a few insignificant questions and even look out of the window when he answered them. He had brought his manuscript in his

pocket, thinking perhaps that she might glance at his ideas on Hamlet. He cut his visit very short, and with his heart in his throat,—smiled a good bye, which he meant to be the last.

“You were cold to him, mother,” said Mary.

“I know I was, though I felt like taking him to my heart. I over-acted my part, perhaps, and offended him. Well—my motive was a good one; may he live to understand and applaud it.”

“As I thought,” said Charles, “such is human nature. Thank Heaven, I have gained a friend who cannot desert.” He opened the book which his Confessor had given him, and collecting his thoughts, prepared for the banquet which had been promised him. It was difficult at first to read: but the explanation of the profound mysteries of our faith, soon riveted his whole mind. He read until his eyes were weary; and then knelt to say, for the second time, the Evening Prayers. Not one of all our little circle, slept so soundly and so happily that night, as that disinherited son—Charles Fairface.

CHAPTER XVII.

Charles enjoyed frequent visits from his mother and sisters, but contrary to Mrs. Lorn's prediction, Fairface gave no sign of relenting. The alienation of father and son is mutually painful, and Charles reverted more than once to the days when they walked and rode, exchanging all their hopes and fears. But he knew that, though an outcast, his father did not hate and despise him: he was spared the pressure of that melancholy curse. Much of his time was devoted to preparation for his first communion: many of his afternoons were spent with Jessie, who was the only one to whom he confided his intention of becoming a Catholic. He pursued the work that Mary had begun, until the child had the Catechism by heart.—When the Cathedral bell rang at six, they knelt together and said the Angelus, and Charles would often murmur, more in joy than sorrow, as he watched her pale face,—

‘I shall soon have a little sister in Heaven to pray for me.’

He continued to write and by repeated ap-

plication was at length admitted into a respectable review, with a respectable circulation at the respectable price of a dollar the printed page. He had advertised for a situation in a counting-room or at bank, desiring a fixed salary instead of his precarious literary income. But as yet, though a fortnight had elapsed, there was not even a reply to his advances.— In one respect, however, he was more successful. He succeeded in gaining admission into a private family, where he might work with more ease and escape the noise of the hotel. His evenings were frequently intolerably long and heavy; and but for the consolation of faith, his epitaph had soon been written. He cherished no resentment against Mrs. Lorn or Mary; and when the first bitterness of disappointment was mellowed, he admitted that they were right. But he was determined never again to intrude; and though, sometimes, after midnight, when his eyes were aching with over-exertion, he wandered by the humble dwelling, which held the treasure of his heart, yet the Confectioner's door was never darkened by his shadow, and Mary Lorn only heard of him through Julia

Dartmouth, who still continued to visit the Fairface family.

Mrs. Fairface did not die as she had predicted, and in fact, being convinced that Charles was able to take care of himself, looked forward with pleasure to a permanent removal to Oakland for the season, although it separated her from her son. The evening before they left town,—Saturday—Jessie crept out to bid her brother good bye. This was the hardest blow for Charles; deprived of every other sympathy, for her father was again stern and moody, the child seemed to linger out her life in him alone.

“You will not forget me, Charles,” said the lovely girl, twining her arms around his neck, “You will not forget to pray for me. And if I die before you see me again, ask father to let you come out and stand a little while by my grave, under the cedar tree where the lark was singing.”

She smiled brightly as if she longed for death, though her brother's tears gushed forth at her artless pathos

“And tell Mary, I shall never, never forget her—that I remember all her songs and stories and all her kind, good, dear words; that I wear

my medal round my neck, and will never take it off, though they threaten to kill me. Tell her to come too if I die ; for I shall be an angel then and shall beg God to soften my father's heart and teach him to love her as I do. When will you see Mary ?”

“ Indeed Jessie, I do not know. Never, perhaps.”

“ She is not dead !” said the child turning pale.

“ No ; she is with her mother.”

“ And don't you see her every day ?”

“ I never see her,” said Charles sadly.

“ You are treating her badly, brother. She loves you dearly,—loves you as much as I do. You are making her miserable.”

“ No, no, my dear Jessie ; I am a poor, forsaken outcast. It was easy to love me in happier times, but I am another person now.”

“ Don't I love you twice as much as ever ? And so does she ; she is so good and noble and generous, that the more you suffer, the more she will love you. Take her this flower from me——”

“ Let me keep it for myself. Do you know Jessie that I am going to Communion to-

morrow morning. I must not think of anything else—not even of Mary or of you. But if you could come to the Cathedral at eight o'clock, you might see your brother in the happiest moment of his life.”

“I will! I will!” cried Jessie, clasping her thin hands. “Oh, that I could go with you, that I could kneel beside you. But I am unprepared—unworthy—” and unable to add another word, she sobbed on his breast.

“Yet,” she resumed, recovering her smile and her strength, “I will go kneel in the aisle—to watch you as you approach the altar—to see the blessedness of Heaven in your face. I will go to touch your hand, and let you bless me as your breast which shall then be the cradle of our Lord.”

They wept in silence and parted.

“Come,” said Mrs. Lorn to Mary. “The first bell is ringing. What a lovely morning—come, never mind the strings of your bonnet; we shall be late. If you slept better, it would take you less time to array yourself.”

Mary tied her bonnet rapidly, though her head was aching, and followed her mother.

Just before the Communion, Mary observed a young girl dressed in white kneeling in the aisle. She did not recognize her at first, for her face was concealed by her bonnet, and Mary had never seen her in her summer clothes. Suddenly the child rose, and approaching the altar, knelt close to the railing. As Mary's eye involuntarily followed her, she saw Charles Fairface in the act of receiving Holy Communion. Burying her head in her hands, she wept in such a transport of joy, that her mother wondered, until Jessie, staggering under her load of love and rapture, returned from the altar, her face bathed in light, and kneeling on the cold floor, abandoned herself to profound delight. A glimpse of Charles revealed the mystery.

Opening the door of the pew, she seized Jessie by the hand and drew her in. They waited until Charles had completed his thanksgiving. Bright and blissfully shone the sun, as they left the Church; the skies were smiling as they had never smiled before. There was no need of explanation. Charles kissed his little sister, who hung upon his lips and then delivering her to Mary, offered his arm to Mrs. Lorn.

“Will you not breakfast with us,” said Mrs. Lorn, and as Charles hesitated, she added, “you must not any longer misunderstand me. On this sacred day which is celebrated in Heaven, let our coldness end, and our friendship begin.”

All places in the world were then alike to Jessie—her father’s house and the Confectioner’s room would have been the same, provided Mary and Charles were with her. She took no note of the outward world, apart from them:—she only asked the privilege of breathing.

The time passed swiftly with the four friends, all happy in re-union, and Charles blest in that interior peace which the reception of the body and blood of Christ alone confers. But the Church bells sounding, admonished Jessie that the parting hour had come. They saw her turn pale as she sat on Mary’s lap enjoying every minute, every look and every word.

“I must go!” she could not speak another word. She clung to Mary awhile, as if she could never leave her, and then returned Mrs. Lorn’s embrace with almost equal fervour. Poor Jessie! she did not weep—she felt a cold hand at her heart and submitted in silence.

Charles took her hand and led her from the room. He held it fast—he could not leave her; he held it until he was in sight of his father's house, and saw the family carriage drawn up at the door ready for Church. Forced to part he raised her in his arms and printed a kiss upon her mute lips.

“For God's sake remember yourself—I shall see you soon;” he said, terrified at her complete abstraction. Revived by his caresses, she smiled and shook her head; then pressing his hand, she kissed him again and walked away.

“She will die,” he said, as he watched her slowly receding; and clouded by his tears, she seemed already like one of the angels. Pausing on the corner of the street, she turned back and waved him a kiss with her handkerchief. In after years he never forgot that sweet image of his sister—it accompanied him through joy and trial, and like the finger of a seraph seemed to beckon him to Heaven.

But this Sunday was a memorable one for more than Charles. As Mary and her mother were sitting together in the afternoon, Miss Dartmouth presented herself in such agitation

and grief that they were prepared to hear some awful announcement.

“What in the world is this, my dear Julia,” said Mrs. Lorn,—“I pray you be calmer. Nothing has happened to your father, I trust.”

“No, he is well, and I expect him to-morrow. But—have you heard nothing of it?”—

“Of what?”

“I am too much excited to speak calmly. But, in one word, the pastor of our Church, my guide, director, father—the man of all others whom I most revere, for his piety, truth, humility and exalted virtue, Dr. Wright, is now a Roman Catholic!”—

“Thank God!” exclaimed Mrs. Lorn, “how you have relieved me.”

“There has been something on his mind of late, and when he rose in the pulpit this morning, I anticipated some disclosure, but not the sudden, terrible announcement, so calmly yet so resolutely uttered.”

“Do not speak so wildly, Julia; these conversions are occurring every day—it must soon cease to be a matter of surprise.”

“He told us,” continued Miss Dartmouth,

“that he could no longer officiate—that his conscience compelled him to break all human ties, however dear, and that on the next day he should be admitted into the Roman Catholic Church. In words that drew tears from the men around me, he bade us farewell. Do you ask me why I speak wildly, when the main prop of my life has fallen;—when all the past directed by him, who now renounces what he taught, seems thrown away?”

“My dear child,” replied Mrs. Lorn, “you are too much affected, by an incident that manifests the mercy of God so clearly, and which is perhaps designed to reward your goodness, by inducing the lamb to follow the shepherd.”

“Never!” exclaimed Julia, in a firm tone.

“It is now time,” pursued Mrs. Lorn, half playfully, “to offer you the consolation that lies in these little beads. Say them once—it cannot hurt you Julia.”

But Miss Dartmouth declined. “And now” she said, “I have something else to say, which your mother alone, my dear Mary, is permitted to hear.”

“I hope it is more good news,” returned Mary, taking up her bonnet, “I should be glad

to hear of another conversion." And bowing playfully, she left the room.

Julia drew a long breath and took Mrs. Lorn by the hand :

"I wish to make an explanation," she began, "on a very delicate point, and you must forgive me if I happen to say too much or too little. You know that however much I may appear to intrude my advice, my only motive is love."

"You know you cannot offend me," said Mrs. Lorn, "it is your unobtrusive love that makes you so dear to me."

"Then you are making a fatal mistake, which you must remedy as soon as possible."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you are treating Charles Fair-face badly. He sacrificed the comforts of home and a father's love,—incurred the ills and temptations of sudden poverty, for your daughter's sake, and yet you turn your back on him. Is this fair?"

"I did not wish to do more to alienate him from his father, thinking that if I prevented his visits, the breach between them might soon be closed."

“Only to re-open with fresh violence. But reflect: amidst all the gloom that surrounded that poor boy, there was one star to which he turned his eyes,—the only light he had; and you have taken it away from him, leaving him to grope in total darkness.

“No—no, Julia,” replied Mrs. Lorn, “he is walking in the sun, in the broad, bright blaze of everlasting truth. I know not when I felt such unexpected joy, as to see him this morning at Communion.”

“At Communion?” repeated Julia, “Charles Fairface a Catholic?”

“I knew nothing of his intention, and my first intimation of it was his reception of the Holy Eucharist before my eyes this morning.”

“Do you not see, then,” pursued Julia, as a bright smile stole over her face, “do you not see that the only obstacle to their union is removed.”

“Their union!” exclaimed Mrs. Lorn, in unaffected surprise.

“You must already suspect, my dear Madam, or your eyes are weaker than mine, the inclination of your daughter’s heart; and I know that

Charles Fairface loves her, with all the devotion that her rare virtue deserves."

"I am sorry for it, Julia; there are other reasons which make the matter impossible and absurd; so let us drop it forever."

"There are *no other reasons*," returned Miss Dartmouth. "There are some delusions, invented by your sensitive nature, which ought not to be regarded. You do me injustice in supposing me capable of the feeling you impute; and offend me by the very delicacy with which you act. Do not force me to speak more plainly."

Mrs. Lorn for some time attempted no reply, but continued to regard the noble girl before her, with a sentiment approaching to awe.

"He has no profession—no means of support," she said at length.

"Is that all?" replied Julia, her lips almost imperceptibly quivering as she spoke, "or do you urge it, as a mask for the real reason which you cling to in spite of what I say. However, I have done my duty, and relieved my conscience. The rest is with you."

They discussed Dr. Wright's conversion until Mary returned and asked whether the secrets

were over. Little did she guess that she had been the theme of the discourse, or that those confidential minutes were to have any effect on her after life.

When Julia returned, she found her father—he had arrived a day earlier than he had written—in better health and spirits than she had dared to hope. In the dear arms of her venerable and loving father, Miss Dartmouth was consoled for all her troubles, and spoke more calmly of Dr. Wright's secession. After tea when her Aunt, who never sat up after eight, had retired, Julia explained to her father her reasons for breaking the match with Charles Fairface. She did not allude to his inconstancy—for it was not inconstancy: but she was guilty of the most unjustifiable hypocrisy in awakening all her father's sympathy for him, by placing him in the most amiable and martyr-like light.

“I am glad of it—glad of it,” said Mr. Dartmouth, who was a terrible patrician, and who had rather permitted than recognized Charles' advances from the beginning, “I am glad of it, and glad that you bear it so well. There's nobody living half good enough for you—you stand alone unmatched and unenvied—and

you must keep the position, the pride and comfort of your old father."

"Indeed I shall," replied Julia. "But there is one thing you must do for me, and do it at once. Mr. Fairface, supposing that his son must have committed some great fault to incur my displeasure, has disinherited him and driven him from his house."

"Violent man—violent man," said Mr. Dartmouth.

"He is now very poor, and I want you to get him a situation, since my decision deprived him of a support."

"Spoken like my own daughter; I shall see him to-morrow."

"No—not for all the world," interposed Julia, "he is the last man living to accept a gratuity from this quarter. Do it in this way: he has a standing advertisement in the '*Commercial*;' get some friends of yours who wants a competent clerk to reply to it."

"Right—right—you are always right. And now bring in all the servants—I haven't seen them yet."

There can scarcely be a more attractive picture than a stately, benevolent patriarch—a man

of years, and honors, and virtue, surrounded by servants who reverence and love him, who hail him as a protector and a friend and who know that the difference in their station has not disturbed the current of pure affection. There are few such groups now-a-days; in the olden time there were more. But there are still some families, where wages are not the only tie between master and servant, and where the sympathy between the parlour and the kitchen is not limited to the table.

CHAPTER XVIII.

For some days Julia had a happy time of it with her father, but as Sunday approached, she began to feel that the conversion of her pastor had left a void in her life, which could not easily be filled.

"I will see him," she said, "I cannot live in this way, it is worse than death." And yielding to what had long been a temptation, she set out with a fluttering heart for the priest's house where Dr. Wright was staying. How different from his own lovely residence, endeared to him by its own beauty and by all the associations which years of peace, and love, and comfort, throw like ivy, around a cherished home. She rang the bell and asked for her friend and former guide.

"He is engaged," was the reply.

"But I wish to see him particularly."

"He's making a retreat, ma'am."

"Tell him that Miss Dartmouth wishes to see him."

"And much he'll care for Miss Dartmouth," mused the servant, as she stalked away; when

who should appear in the passage but Dr. Wright himself. At the sight of his clear, intelligent, earnest and even majestic face, every spark of resentment or coldness died, and all her former love returned. She sprang forward and seized his hand :

“ Oh comfort me,” she said, “ you have left me desolate.

“ I knew you would not desert me my child,” he said, as they passed into the parlour. “ I knew your heart was too good and kind to accuse me for obeying my conscience, or to suspect me of duplicity. You are almost the only one who has come near me. How have you been ?”

“ Sad enough, in truth,” replied Julia.— “ You have destroyed all you ever taught me, and I seem to drift hopelessly on the sea without chart or rudder.”

“ You have listened to me so far, Julia, why not continue to hear me ? Am I less capable to instruct, than I was then ? You can have no conception of the peace I enjoy, though cut off from all my friends, scorned by those who professed to love me, until I feel as if cast on a desert island. My dear child the Catholic

Church is the True Church, and there is no other True Church; all others are false and unsound. Remember my words, and examine at least. After this week come and see me—the oftener the better; I am now in a retreat and must excuse myself. Will you read a little book for me?”

Julia assented, and he placed a small volume in her hands. Even after walking home, she was too much affected by the interview, to pay any attention to her father's explanation of the plan he had devised for Charles' relief.

But it chanced the next day that as Charles walked down the street he met one of his father's most intimate dining friends, who took the liberty of asking him what he was doing.

“Almost nothing,” said Charles, “I'm writing for reviews.”

“A pretty employment indeed; can't you get something better—you have talent, honesty, a good address and—”

“Every thing but friends,” added Charles.

“Let a man be his own first friend: he'll have the second soon enough. Why don't you push yourself about town and see what situations are vacant, instead of moping in doors or

cultivating the muses, or advertising your qualities. Now, for instance, the Neverbreak Bank is looking for a book-keeper—there's a sure salary of twelve hundred a year. Why don't you try for that?"

"Because I don't know a man in the Bank."

"You know *me*—I'm a Director, and would be happy to assist you."

"Thank you sir," said Charles,—“but stop :—you are not offering this from my father—he has not told you to do this?"

"He has not, upon my honour. Shall I try for you?"

"I shall be much obliged to you."

"Then write your application—let's step in here." The application was written and signed. "I'll attend to the bond," said the old tactician, moving slowly off. "Here's my card—come see me in a few days."

Charles bowed assent. Here was a hope, a faint one it is true, but still a hope. The few days went by very slowly indeed: *few* is indefinite, but it is nearer four than three. So on the fourth day he called on Mr. Dinewell, who accompanied him to the bank:—his application was accepted. Not for one moment did the

young man imagine that he was indebted to Julia Dartmouth: he had a lingering suspicion that his father had more or less to do with his success: how could he impute it to the injured Julia? He applied himself dilligently to work; threw by his essays and his squibs, refused all offers to write even at an advanced pay, and aspired—though he breathed his thoughts to no one—to the cashiership. He continued attentive to his religious duties and being retiring and industrious, formed few acquaintances. His father frequently passed him on the street, but never condescended to notice him; though once as Charles happened to look round, he saw the old familiar face, gazing after him with a strange yearning.

It soon came to pass, naturally enough, that Charles, went more frequently to the Confectioner's rooms: that he spent many of his evenings there, composing ballads for Mary to sing, or reading or talking, or doing nothing, whilst Mary and her mother pursued the labour from which their only revenue was drawn. Sometimes, but rarely, Charles was allowed to walk with Mary alone,—but this was a rare privilege. And as their intimacy increased, Mrs. Lorn re-

signed herself to the worst, and heard without any unpleasant emotion his nightly rap at the door. They were pleasant and cheerful with him, though he thought that Mary had changed—that her cheek was thinner and paler, and her voice weaker than when he first knew her. And Mrs. Lorn, frequently sighed with the fatigue of stitch after stitch in endless rotation. It was painful to see them work by the uncertain, sallow light of an adamantine candle, wasting their sight and strength, whilst his own energy and health were increasing daily. How could he end their drudgery? Another week solved the problem.

CHAPTER XIX.

No orders had come from Miss Dartmouth for cake ; and Jessie's occasional demand for candies having ceased, and a prospect of a higher rent appearing, the Confectioner and his wife, disappointed in all their calculations, concluded that their tenants instead of being profitable were rather otherwise. Good thrifty people, calculating to the penultimate cent, they took it into their heads that the two rooms up-stairs might be more advantageously disposed of, and yield more than at present. They were on the look out for new lodgers, and ready to pounce upon the least pretext for being uncivil and disagreeable. They were soon gratified.

Mrs. Lorn had always paid her rent punctually on the first day of the quarter: she had made ample provision, as she thought, against the first of August. But our best calculations are liable to defeat. It so happened that on the last day of July, she found herself barely mistress of half the requisite amount. The reviews wanted further time and gave ugly hints of discontinuing pressing correspondents ; Mary's two music

scholars had suddenly decamped with Papa into the country, and when the sun of the first of August dawned upon the Confectioner's bill slid dexterously under the door, he took a peep at two pale faces utterly unable to take out the intruder's sting.

The morning was spent in fruitless efforts to collect outstanding dues, whilst the Confectioner in all the importance of a persecutor, hovered menacingly about his victims, leering hideously through the fragrant cloud exhaling from his pipe. Evening came, and wearied with ineffectual walking, Mary and her mother resigned themselves to the worst. As they sat over their tea, the Confectioner, true to his instinct, introduced his curly head and demanded his money.

"You shall have it to-morrow," replied Mrs. Lorn.

"I wants it ter-night," said the man.

"It is impossible," returned Mrs. Lorn. "You have always found me punctual in paying you, and it is surely not too much to request, for once, the grace of a single day."

"Bishness ish bishness," croaked mine host, using a phrase which implies that humanity is

out of the question when money is at issue. "I wants it ter-night, or I shall dishtrain mit no put offs."

"But my good fellow, said the lady, "you do not mean to play the brute and take advantage of an accident to injure two unprotected women."

"Man or Voman ish von in bishness. I wants my money. Dere ist von oder ting, too: I doesn't likes ter vay tat te young shentlemen comes in here. Te peoples of ter neighborhood is talking apout it."

Turning crimson at the boorish taunt, the mother sprang towards the man—

"Down to your kennel, you dog!" she exclaimed, pushing him towards the door—"You shall have your money to-night and your rooms to-morrow."

"Tat ish all I wants," crowed the coward, quailing before her.

Whilst the victorious Confectioner chuckled over his exploit, Mrs. Lorn unlocked a small trunk which she kept under her bed, took something out and put it in her pocket. Never before had she felt the sting of an inferior, and though the circumstance should only have made

her sigh for the infirmity of nature, yet her proud spirit was too deeply roused to entertain anything but indignation.

“Where are you going?” said Mary, as her mother put on her bonnet and shawl

“For the money : wait here, it will not take me ten minutes,” and she went out without explaining the source from which she expected it. Mary, unable to restrain her tears, leaned on her hand, and thought with bitterness of the perils around and before her. The Confectioner’s unmanly sarcasm had rendered her as weak and timid as a child. Hearing the mother depart, the creditor thought that he could not better employ the minutes of her absence, than by torturing her daughter. So re-lighting his pipe, he once more ascended to the room where Mary was weeping upon the table.

“Your tears vill not vash out ter pill,” said the fellow, shaking a fresh bill over her head.

“Will you leave the room,” repeated Mary, calming herself.

“It ish mine own room !” and in all the security and magnificence of oppression, he strutted up and down, fumigating the curtains and the flowers.

“Then I shall stand in the street, until my mother returns.”

As Mary attempted to pass him, he pushed her roughly back, saying—

“No, no, you wants to cheats me. Te furniture ish not enough for te——”

He never finished the sentence. A hand like a vice closed upon his thick throat, the pipe in a thousand pieces rolled upon the floor, and when his senses returned, he found himself rather uncomfortably lodged at the foot of the stairs, with his wife lamenting him for dead. Charles Fairface, hearing a man's foot, had paused near the door, naturally curious to hear his voice, and had thus been a witness to the scene, which he brought to a sudden and unexpected close. Mary did not faint, as many young ladies have done or pretended to do, in similar circumstances; but she permitted her head to rest on her deliverer's shoulder and wept there like a good, innocent little girl as she was. Not a word was spoken; but that fair head moved not from its resting place, though another step was on the staircase, and though the next instant her mother was added to the group.

Pass we lightly over moments like these ; it is a false taste that lifts the veil from such a scene.

“Have it receipted, she said to Charles,” counting the money into his hand. “I am sorry you hurt him.”

The bill was receipted, and the next day Mary and her mother had new apartments in a small house near the Cathedral. But that night after Charles had gone, Mrs. Lorn went to the same little trunk and took out another package—it was the roll of gold received from Fairface, untouched, undiminished.

“I have not injured the first fruits of your hard labour,” she said, placing the money in Mary’s lap, “and you may now employ it, as you please.”

“Oh mother,” exclaimed Mary, “how could you imagine that this was mine ! You might have saved all this trouble. I hate the sight of it !” and she flung the labelled coin into the corner.

Mrs. Lorn smiled and replaced it on the table. “Ask me no more questions, silly one,” said her mother, “but let us say our prayers, and we may then talk more calmly. I think our

friend, the Confectioner, is unable to give us any more trouble to-night."

They locked the door with great precaution, not knowing that Charles Fairface, mistrusting the Confectioner, kept guard below until the rosy fingered morn peeped up in the East and the bells for early Mass were ringing.

CHAPTER XX.

Oakland, as has been intimated, was one of the prettiest country seats in the world. You reached it by a smooth turnpike, ascending for some eight miles, until intersected by a lane, through which you darted to the left for a mile or so, when an open gate, open alike to friend and stranger, received you into the magnificent wood that embosomed the house. The land lay on the crest of the highest hills in the county, and from the front porch you could see the undulating fields sweeping gently to the broad river in the distance, along which the red city was strung; whilst in the rear, the forest trees stretched back to the next farm, making a most delightful solitude. Orchards and strawberry beds accompanied you to the dairy and the pigeon-house; and on either hand, the corn fields, and wheat fields, smoothed by the roller and levelled by the scythe, whether in crop, in stubble, or in grass, breathed an air of solid substantial comfort. Oakland had its meadows too, where Durham and Devonshire, Berkshire and Southdown contributed their

transatlantic representatives to improve the rural scene.

It would not do to add more; the place might be known. Yet some may have already guessed it: some, who in the olden time of its first glory, have reason to remember the unfailing hospitality that brightened at their coming,—who remember the morning ride along the river, or the evening walk—who remember forms of loveliness that have since departed or changed. Oakland was only the central point: the whole neighborhood was scarcely less charming. And scarce a night in summer passed without a gathering---the melon and its ices---the city guest and the country friend. And many a vow was spoken, broken, kept, amongst those silent trees,---and many a dream began there, fulfilled or unfulfilled, to last through life, a sad, imperishable memory.

But what cared Jessie for all this---it swept by her, like a distant cloud. She could have borne her mother's severity, Carry's petulance and Edith's neglect,---she could have wandered unnoticed amongst the brilliant groups, had her father only smiled again, as he once smiled, when Mary unsealed the fountain of his love.

There are sorrows in which we cling to friends for comfort ; but there are deeper ones, when our own accusing conscience inflames the wound, from which our *friends*, the witnesses of our weakness, are banished. The bent soul demands solitude and prefers the laugh of a stranger, the lethe of jests and wine, to the tear of sympathetic love. No wonder, then, that Fairface recoiled from Jessie and avoided her : no wonder that he shrank from her appealing look, and felt her pale face crushing his pretended mirth, and recalling all the spectral thoughts that haunted him between the midnight lethargy and the morning vision.

There is nothing in afterlife approaching the utter loneliness of a neglected child. As our years advance, our resources increase : we learn to stand alone, to live in ourselves, and by gradual experience curtail our sympathies and mark the lines between ourselves and others. But a noble child cannot exist in itself : like a luxuriant vine it shoots out a thousand tendrils beseeching a prop to lift it from the ground : it must have love, sympathy, support : from within, it gathers nothing :---the tender flower looks up for the light and the dew of human kindness.

And when those tendrils are rudely shaken from the parent stem,—when the accidental prop of an hour is torn from its bleeding clasp,—what after all is the pang of despised love, in contrast with such bitter, hopeless suffering?

Yet let us not say that Jessie was utterly hopeless. In her little medal, lay a sweet spring at which her thirsting spirit drank. And she had moments of happiness too; for she could hear the lark singing sometimes on the cedar tree; and when Edith and Henry, when Carrie, her father and her mother, surrounded by friends, were scattered over the porches, or drinking and smoking in the hall,—when pairs of lovers strayed amidst the walks, and the proud horses pawed impatiently for the homeward spur or whip,---then it was that Jessie, unseen and uncared for, could wander to the blessed arbour where Charles and Mary had so often carressed her.

It was a beautiful night in Autumn, and the full moon sleeping on the fields, woke laughing and glistening in the river. Jessie was in the arbour:---she had wept herself into something like serenity. When all at once she heard sweet voices and looking towards the river, she

saw Charles and Mary running towards her, with hands full of flowers. She could not move, but she saw them coming---and again they sat on the old bench, and again her head was in Mary's lap!

The horses had been gratified at last---the porches and the rooms were empty, and Fairface, behind an enormous cigar, was sitting on the steps examining the stars, when he heard Mrs. Fairface call from the window---“Where's Jessie?”

“Isn't she in bed?”

“No,” replied the mother, “she's not in any of the rooms up-stairs.”

Fairface took a light and examined the house from garret to cellar: the child was not in the house.

“Where can she be!” exclaimed the mother, wringing her hands.

“In the arbour, I'll bet my life,” said Fairface. “Make yourself easy; I'll go bring her.”

True enough, she was in the arbour, sound asleep, breathing deeply and *quickly*. The moon was streaming full on her face---on the face of his child!---Poor forsaken, Jessie!---she looked like an angel and was smiling in her

sleep. Was he to break that beautiful spell, in which she was happy, and recall her to the bitterness of her actual life? Shaking like the leaves above his head, the agitated father knelt beside her---he felt like a thief, a sacriligious robber, who was claiming the property of Heaven. He passed one arm round her waist and with the other, encircling her knees, lifted her gently from the bench. Her clothes were damp with the heavy autumn dews---her cheek was flushed and cold. As the holy burden of her head touched his heart, the rod of contrition smote him and his tears gushed forth. She awoke : and knowing nothing more than that she was in her father's arms, smiled again and threw her arms around his neck.

It was after midnight: Mrs. Fairface, relieved but irritated, sprang to meet them.

"You wicked little thing," she began; but Fairface stayed her uplifted hand, with a look that made her heart stand still.

"Get her dry clothes, my dear; see how damp these are," he said, in a tone of sepulchral calmness, "dry clothes: and then bring her to me. Boiling water, John," he continued to the

servant, as his wife, obedient to his orders, took Jessie up-stairs. "Bring it to my Library."

When John entered with the water, he found his master stretched, apparently lifeless, on the lounge. The man, on the point of screaming, dropped the bucket, when Fairface rose---

"Fill this pitcher and bring sugar, lemons and wine."

Just as the command was obeyed, Jessie appeared at the door.

"Now go to bed and leave us alone."

As the servant closed the door, the father stretched his arms, and with the fond delay of overwhelming love, folded her slowly to his breast. She thought he would keep her there forever, that his kisses and his tears would never end. At last, remembering himself and startled by her hollow cough, he placed her in the chair, and tempering the water to a proper heat, bathed her feet with the utmost tenderness.

"You must drink this too," he said, holding to her lips a glass of hot lemonade, which he had rapidly compounded. And as those clear loving eyes showered their innocent light upon him, he knelt and taking her two hands placed

them reverently on his head and leaning forward in her lap, exclaimed again and again---

"Forgive me, Jessie! forgive me!"

Oh, bitter, bitter, is the sense of wrong---of having injured innocence in any shape: and bitterer when the grave has closed upon our victim, when love, too late awakcued, is denied the rapture of atoning, of making reparation, of dying. Her cheek was flushed---her hands were burning---and at intervals she coughed as if in pain. And yet she smiled through her tears, and blessed him again and again, sometimes with words, but oftener with the pressure of her hand and the steady, merciful light of her saintly eyes.

He dried her feet---he took her again in his arms and carried her to her little bed: he heard her say her prayers with her hands still clasped in his and then he kissed her on her pillow. He kissed her medal too: it met his finger playing round her neck, and bade her good night, charging his wife in a whisper not to go to sleep and to keep the night air from her. Then returning to his Library he tried to read, but it was impossible; at almost every page the cough of his child rang like a death knell in his

ears, and at last his wife ran in pale as death.

“ *She has the croup.* ”

The strong man reeled and leaned on his wife.

“ Send for the doctor ! ”

“ Send ? --- ” grasped the father. “ No --- I’ll go. ”

The two matchless grays were harnessed and Fairface took the reins.

“ Go for the country doctor John, and mind you bring him ! ”

Lashed by the whip the mettlesome animals bounded forward along the road, which scarce an hour before, had rung with the clatter of merry wheels, of song and laughter. A father riding alone for the doctor---the minutes are years---the miles are endless---at every step his fear increases, and undisputed death seems to mock his flight. Rigid and stern, over hollow and hill, he dashed on---the pebbles flew---the horses’ hoofs were on fire---the waggoners stared---the man at the tollgate shrugged his shoulders, and Fairface plunged into the city.

The appealing look of a parent to a physician, when, doubting all else, he hopes in him alone, is perhaps the same with which the Greek

approached the oracle to hear his fate. The doctor was in.

“Why Mr. Fairface——”

“My child is ill, sir---she has the croup, sir, ---pray you step in with me.”

“But——”

“For God’s sake do not hesitate!” and he wrung the physician’s hand imploringly. “I have lost one child by the croup---a stronger child than---” he could not name her.

In less than an hour they were at Oakland. “Let me light you up---I’ll wait below---I’m too nervous to see her now. Don’t alarm her mother, but tell me all.”

The father leaned against the bannister and listened: he could hear the same short, dry cough,---it had increased and came on in spells: he fancied that he could hear her breathing. What could keep the doctor so long? Long! he had barely felt her pulse. At last he came. Fairface sprang for the light and looked him steadily in the face.

“It is rather a severe attack,” replied the physician, for the look was a question, “but there is no immediate danger.”

“But is there *any* danger?”

“There is always more or less danger in croup.”

“Great God! what is to be done!” exclaimed the father, sinking down in a chair.

“I have given your wife remedies I brought with me and directed her how to apply them. I must intreat you to be calmer.”

“Do not leave her to-night, dear doctor: stay until morning ----she might grow worse, and in the country we are unprovided for emergencies. You shall have a nice bed, and I will not wake you for a trifle.”

With all the generosity and sympathy of his noble profession, the physician consented at once. “But I shall stretch out here,” he said, taking the lounge, “just throw your cloak over me.”

“Can’t find the doctor,” said John, coming in at that moment.

“So much the better,” muttered Fairface, disposing his cloak carefully around his friend. Then, nerving himself for the trial, he went up to see his child. All night he sat at the head of her bed, trembling at every motion she made, sometimes kneeling to watch her as she caught a moments sleep,---then starting for the doctor

as she woke gasping for breath. When the bright morning broke in its pomp and curtained glory, Jessie seemed to wake with it, and stretching out her hand to her father, smiled upon him. But her hand was still burning and her breath as short as ever. Yet surely she was better: she could not be in much pain with such a joyous look.

"To be sure she is better," said Mrs. Fairface, bathing her parched lips.

But the physician looked doubtfully and cautioned them to keep her still. He peered out of the window, twirling his hands behind him, and then returned to the bed, examined her pulse, walked away and returned again.

"I shall be back at one o'clock," he said.

"Breakfast will soon be ready. Stay for a cup of coffee and I will drive you in. *She is not worse?*" he continued, in an under tone.

"*She is ill,*" was the minous reply.

White as a sheet, stood Fairface; and pressing his hand to his heart, he bent in very pain. The heart-ache is real: it is no unmeaning metaphor.

"Father!"

Her voice brought him to her side.

"Are you going to town?"

"Yes---maybe---no : do you want any thing there my daughter?"

She raised herself slightly on her arm, so as to see him better, and her eyes, filling with tears, spoke volumes.

"Tell me what you want, Jessie. You shall be gratified, ask what you will."

She took his hand and kissed it.

"Oh, how good you are," she murmured, "how good and kind you are. Perhaps I may make you angry with me, father, and I would rather die than do that."

"Angry, Jessie? Ask for anything that man can do or suffer, you shall have it : the more you ask, the more I shall love you."

"*I want to see Charles and Mary——*"

"They shall be here before two hours."

She fell back on her pillow with such a heavenly smile, that her mother knelt as she wiped away the slow tears trickling through the half closed eyelids of her suffering child.

CHAPTER XXI.

Charles had risen early, taken a long walk around the outskirts of the city, and was at his desk before eight o'clock, deep in the 'state of the Neverbreak Bank.' Whilst thus profoundly mystified with enormous columns of figures, stretching up and down the field, like a regiment in disorder, he heard his name pronounced by a voice that made him start. Looking up, he saw his father, pale and languid, leaning over the counter.

"I want to see you, Charles," said Fairface. "You must go to Oakland with me: I have left a note for the Cashier, explaining your absence."

The family carriage was at the door.

"Tell William where to call for Mary Lorn—I must see her too," said Fairface, leaning back in the carriage as he spoke.

Charles directed the Coachman to the humble dwelling and took the front seat. He asked no questions: he remembered Jessie as she stood on the corner waving her handkerchief:

he remembered her promise that he should visit her grave. They sat in silence, but Charles grasped his father's hand, hoping yet dreading an explanation.

"This is the house—is it?" asked Fairface as the carriage stopped. "Tell her that Jessie wants to see her,—that she is very—very ill." Mary was ready in an instant.

"Sit here, my child," said Fairface, making room for her beside him. "Drive on, William, no more stopping."

The father sat with his eyes fast closed, motionless and mute as marble: they could see a dreadful change in his face: there were new lines of agony ploughed there, since the memorable night when he discharged Mary and disowned his son. The chisel of remorse had been at work, and its letters were broad and deep.

In the meanwhile, Jessie was playing with Carry at intervals: the most singular feature in her disease, being the mirth it permits almost up to the moment of death. Her mother was as tender and assiduous as a mother can be, whose love is quickened by the remembrance of neglect. Edith was sometimes at the bed-

side, but oftener on the porch. She would say 'my dear little sister,' and then speculate through the window on the variegated splendor of the fall. She thought that Pa and Ma were giving themselves unnecessary anxiety, and that she might as well ride with Henry Arlington, as remain where she was, only to frighten Jessie. And yet she heard that fearful *wheezing*—a word at which no mother will laugh—and had she looked closer, she might have seen the parched nostril and the quivering of the hot, uneasy lip.

The physician had come again and to Edith's surprise and the mother's consternation, he came not alone. Was the case so dangerous as to require consultation?—They were evidently alarmed. The child was worse: the first remedies had failed: nothing remained but to leech and blister, in combination with that white universal antidote—a poison and a cure. The two gigs rattled off—others were suffering—and Jessie was dismissed until evening—they would call again.

Jessie had taken her mother's watch: it was after twelve, and Charles and Mary had not yet come. She uttered no complaint, but her eye

was fixed mournfully upon the minute hand and in every wind that swept the trees, she thought she heard the carriage at the door. Fairface exhausted by excitement and fatigue, by his daughter's illness and reunion with his son, had fainted on the road. It took them hours to revive and compose him. But at last, long before Carry heard a sound, a smile broke over Jessie's face, her eyes glowed with an eager longing, and raising her head, she whispered, "They are coming: they are coming."

The swift wheels flew along the gravel—stopped by the porch—a rustling was heard on the steps—the sufferer stretched out her little arms and fell forward on Mary's breast. It was done in a moment: she took her brother's hand,—placed Mary's within it and pressed them both in her father's. Already unmanned and shattered, Fairface gazed steadily at them awhile, then sinking on his knees, exclaimed "My daughter, you have conquered."

"I shall die, my dear father," said the child, "but I shall die happy—you will love and bless them for me. Won't you?"

"I will," said Fairface.

"You will let Mary come and

again, and let her plant flowers on my grave, and sing there. Won't you?—"

Again the father nodded.

"And oh my father, there is one thing you can do for me, and I shall ask no more. It is the last time I shall ever beg you for any thing. God will give me all I ask, when I go to him, and I will never trouble you again. I am a Catholic, father.—I spent all my money in buying little books about communion, and pictures of children not older than I, who received the body and blood of our Lord. I learned them by heart and burned them, for fear you would be angry if you saw them. May I see a priest—don't you leave me—Charles will go for one."

"Go—go," said the father—"you will find your horse in his old place—no one has mounted him since you did. Go, Charles, ride fast."

"Stay," said Mrs. Fairface. "Let us send for Mr. Easy,—it is only a fancy the child has taken."

"No indeed mother," said Jessie, "it has been the hope and prayer of my life. I am not a child in that—I *must* see a priest!" And summoning all her strength she rose in her bed.

“I shall soon be before my God, and, in his name I claim the right I ask.”

“Wife,” said Fairface replacing his child’s head on the pillow, “though I once objected to her *living* a Catholic, God knows I never had the wish to prevent her *dying* one. I prefer it!—Go, my son—bring whom you please.”

Both of Jessie’s hands were raised above her father, and the “*God bless you father,*” that flew up to Heaven from her lips, fell upon his soul like manna in the desert.

The nearer death, the dearer: the child that is dying seems of more value than all the rest. But was it not really so with Fairface?—Charles had disappointed him—Edith was selfish, Carry heartless,—but when had Jessie betrayed a glimpse of ill nature, a particle of meanness, a spark of hypocrisy, a shadow of obstinacy or vindictiveness? Had she not studied to please him in everything, labored with all the diligence of love to win his stubborn smile, and suffered in silence, rather than pain him by complaint?—He recalled a thousand beautiful traits, scarce noticed in their bloom to be treasured in decay,—he remembered the day of the race when she checked her horse to yield the prize, and it

seemed as if he had turned his back upon a helpless angel now summoned to a better father and a lovelier home. The leeches at her throat, pursuing their blind instinct, were doing more for her than he had ever done. Even now he could only sit and tremble, unable to share her sufferings or take them on himself. Her mother was the prompt, ministering angel, gliding noiselessly round the room, anticipating the unspoken wishes of her child.

Yet he could not leave the bedside—though in agony, it was better than absence: the precious moments were flying fast, and his newborn love was miserly of minutes that could never, never return. They had to force him from the room when Charles returned with the priest—Mary's confessor.

Jessie knew him by her description—she recognized the clear benignant smile, the look of mingled firmness and benevolence, the dignity of piety, or humility, from which youth itself could not detract. He was no stranger to her—he had been her companion ever since she knew Mary. It was an old friend coming to see her, bringing the blessing she had craved. He found her well instructed and able to

answer with clearness and precision: and more than this, he found her well prepared for a first Communion that might be her last.

Two hours was Fairface kept from the sacred room where the new idol of his life was gliding from his arms.—

Jessie was better all that day; it was only when she dozed, that the fatal grasp of the disease was perceptible. The physicians pronounced her better and prescribed perfect quiet, advising the father to leave the room.

“In God’s name,” prayed Fairface, who would have knelt for permission to stay, “let me sit in a corner—I will not speak or move.”

And he did not: with his arms crossed on his broad chest, he kept his post, rigid as iron, unseen by his child, and seeing only the waving outline of her head. For two days and two nights sat that penitent man, refusing to eat or sleep, declining exercise or conversation, content with a glimpse of that golden hair, and sometimes stealing like a thief, when she slept soundest, to enjoy the treasure of her face. Softly would he creep from his hiding place—gaze—shudder—and return.

On the fourth day of her illness, her Confessor

appeared, smiling it is true, but subdued by the influence of his august burthen. They had raised Jessie between two large pillows—they had placed a crown of snow-white flowers on her head. She was weak—she trembled—and yet her strong spirit seemed putting on its wings for the skies. A stillness deep as death pervaded the room,—a brightness beyond life shone from the face of the child—as her lips parted—as her eyes swam—as the tremendous words “*Ecce Agnus Dei!*” were echoed in Heaven.—A cry like the wail of a departing soul scattered the solemn silence. The mother had been standing at the foot of the bed: staggering forward, as if in a dream—awakened by one awful pang to the folly and guilt of her life—overpowered by emotions till then unfelt or repressed,—she fell with a shriek at her husband’s feet. He raised her in his arms, paler than the poor, heart-broken wife on whom he gazed and pressed her head to his bosom—

“Let her rest here Doctor,—” he said, and as she slowly revived, he gathered her long, dark hair to his heart, and printed on her pallid lips the *first* long, holy kiss of conjugal love. She knew it:—these terrible revelations—these

blessed changes are wrought instantaneously and in silence. Nobler and greater, and holier was that unspoken union, than even the bedside of the dying child.

“Look!”—it was the first word the mother spoke.

Sill between Charles and Mary with the crown of flowers on her head, was Jessie:—there was a world of angelic meaning in her eyes, a moment longer was that strange look, through which Heaven itself seemed to gaze, fixed upon the husband and the wife, and then, as if asleep, the eyelids closed and the child in all her innocence and love sank back upon her pillow.

They sprang to her bedside. As if she had lived but for that moment of double rapture, the hand of death was laid on Jessie:—but yet it did not come as death—and she was breathing still. They knelt around her, father and mother, hand in hand: the departing prayers were said. Farewell young child of Heaven, sweet sister of the angels,—depart before a cloud has stained the glory of thy morning, before the breath of sin has sullied the unblemished mirror of thy soul!—Stay not here, to wrestle and to

strive with the trials and the temptations that thicken with advancing years, when the gates of Heaven are open wide to welcome thee to the bosom of thy God. Go, in the name of the Father who created, of the son who redeemed, of the Holy Spirit that informed thee, go to the land of light and love, never more to weep, never more to wander, never more to want!—Sweet pilgrim thou hast found the shrine, before the dew was off the flower, before the sandals of thy innocence were lost on the weary road of life! Depart, young Jessie, while the seal of redemption is on thy lips,—Why shouldst thou live!—

“Mary—sing that hymn—‘*sleep my child*’—sing it—sing it.”—It was the last word she spoke, and she kept murmuring ‘*sing it,*’ until Mary commanding her tears, complied: and as her sweet, low voice died away, a sudden tremor passed over the child:—she was dead.—

CHAPTER XXII.

She lay in her coffin in the small room, adjoining the parlor: the crown of flowers was still on her head—a bunch of white roses on her breast—a crucifix in her hands. There was no mark of pain upon her face; but that sublime beauty of dead innocence, the majestic splendor, of which life is incapable, the visible seal of Heaven, impressed upon the pure tenement by the angel that took the soul. The friends of the family, some from the neighborhood, others from the city, were assembling to pay the last tribute of human respect and sympathy. They bent over the coffin, and many a one who had slighted her in life, stooped to kiss that sanctified clay. They knew not that the flower of the flock was gone: they knew not what angelic kindness, what purity and strength of mind, aye, and what genius, had passed away in that inanimate bud; but they had never seen so holy a sight and they whispered, one to another, ‘how strangely beautiful!’

The bright sunbeams, broken by the closed

shutters, just flushed the curtains, and the low wind, in subdued sympathy, chimed like an eternal organ. The father and the mother stood at the head of the corpse, surrounded by Charles and Mary, Edith, Arlington and Carry. But the central figure was the priest of God, never so majestic as when, standing forth, the commissioned minister of the merciful judge, before whom the unsentenced soul is trembling, he rebukes the infirmity of nature, by the promise of endless joy. Though easily moved by the sight of sorrow—though tender-hearted as a child—though tears were flowing around him—yet the Confessor had no disposition to weep or lament: it seemed sinful to grieve over such a sublime manifestation of infinite mercy:—the servant of the living God, he could not countenance by a tear, the misplaced regret of friendship, or even the outpouring of parental love. He once smiled as he sprinkled the unsullied temple that held the young virgin's soul,—let there be joy on earth, for there is joy in Heaven. Like the angels to the listening shepherds he could say 'I bring you glad tidings.'

The grave was open at the foot of the cedar

tree, within sight of the house. The last look had been taken—the lid was closed—the line was formed—the ground was blessed. Slowly into the cold earth they lowered her—the first handful rattled on the coffin—she was beyond the reach of human kindness or neglect: her medal was round her neck, but no more to warm on her lips,—no more would she wander to the arbour to weep and dream,—or wave her handkerchief in mute farewell. She is in other and better hands—the world and she have parted—we can only remember her!

The friends had gone—the family were alone. In the chamber where she died, sat Fairface and his wife. He held her in his arms and gazed upon her face—she was all that remained to him on earth—the mother of his innocent, neglected Jessie—the wife of his bosom. She had become inexpressibly dear, and all the love he had denied, gushed like a strong torrent from his soul. Her faults, whatever they may have been, were forgotten in the sad remembrance of his own fatal guilt. Through her utter grief, and in the deep eyes which sometimes opened on him, dim with tears—with

tears for Jessie—he saw, what she might now be, had *he* been different;—had he not frozen the warm springs of her heart with the frost of undeserved aversion;—had he not despised her weaknesses, instead of cherishing her virtues. Grim in the distance rose his spectral ‘*Solitaire*,’ and as he shrank from the remembrance, he pressed her head closer to his bosom——.

She was calmer; they were one from that moment: in the eternal book, the reconciliation was written.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Fairface was a broken-hearted man: instead of recovering from the blow, every day seemed to deepen his affliction. Nothing could exceed his tenderness to his wife, but Jessie was constantly before him day and night. All her clothes and trinkets, her fragments of songs and verses, her books and her guitar were kept sacredly in his room. He studied enormous folios to select the most elegant design for the railing around her grave. He consulted with artists and architects about a marble monument as tall as the cedar tree, surmounted by a statue of his neglected child. He went so far as to purpose melting his fortune into a golden image of the bright being, who had been so little honored in her life. ~~Mary~~ ^{many} laughed at his useless, absurd devotion, for many are incapable of sympathy, and enjoy the grotesqueness of excessive grief.

For instance, Henry Arlington thought the father's anguish a capital joke, and would amuse some of his boon companions with imitations of the old man's abstraction, his designs of railing

and parian shafts with golden larks on the top of them. "She was a good little girl," he would say, "but not worth all this fuss:—she died of the croup, a common-place, unromantic thing, happening every day. And yet they go on, as if her exit had been heroic, as if it were a thing worth talking about. Edith and I must wear long faces and all that sort of thing: in fact, we have had no peace since she died."—

Some men, as if by a freak of nature, must have antipathies, and Arlington became the object of the father's disgust. Fairface hated the sight of him, and was willing to accept him as a son in law, only as a means of escaping his presence.

During the winter, Henry and Edith were married in Grace church by the Rev. Mr. Easy: the bride looked beautiful, the morning papers took due cognizance of the ceremony and the happy couple sailed for Europe,—taking Carry with them to be educated in Paris, under the maternal supervision of a maiden aunt, pretty well advanced in life and sadly reduced in circumstances.

Fairface determined to spend the winter at Oakland to be near Jessie's grave, but as his

business compelled him to pass his mornings in the city, he thought it better to have a companion for his wife to console and amuse her in his absence.

One evening he said to her, "Why do you not invite some one to spend a month or two with you. I am so much away, that you must have a lonely time of it."

"There are very few now, whom I care to see," replied Mrs. Fairface. "And there are fewer perhaps who would leave their own amusements for the sake of being with me."

"Can you not think of one?"

"Of one, and only one," said Mrs. Fairface. "I mean Mary Lorn, but I would not ask her to leave her mother."

"Charles can stay with her mother, and she with you. I propose to place my business gradually in my son's hands: but it is better to try him a little longer at the Bank. He will make friends and have a chance of showing what is in him. I think the matter can be arranged if you really want her."

"Indeed I do," said the wife pressing her husband's hand as the tears rose in her eyes, "it will not only be a great comfort, but I shall

be able to repair the rudeness with which I once treated her."

Mary was soon at Oakland. She had always regarded Mrs. Fairface as a cold-hearted, selfish, arrogant woman of the world, but she found her, then, gentle, generous and loving. The transition was sudden, but not the less natural. A husband's hatred may even check the fountain of maternal love and steel his wife against his child. As this secret became unfolded to the Governess, who had not forgotten the mysterious night in '*Solitaire*,' her sympathy was keenly moved, and she was able to return the respect and love of the injured mother. But there soon appeared a stronger link between them than mere human inclination.

We have said that Mrs. Fairface had been awakened by Jessie's death to the folly and heartlessness of her past life. Mary soon perceived that her mind was running upon Catholicity, and that her admiration of Mr. Easy had changed into something not very different from aversion. Her husband's altered manner seemed to have changed her nature, and she listened to Mary with the most respectful consideration. The Governess, who, to say the least, was able

to defend and explain the ceremonies and doctrines of our Holy Church,—a point in which so many young ladies are lamentably deficient,—was delighted at the opportunity of removing her new friend's prejudices.

The winter passed in religious controversy, which we do not mean to repeat: there are so many better reasoners than Mary, that it is quite unnecessary to record her instructions. We are writing for Catholics, not for Protestants.

Sometime in the Spring, Mary received a letter from Julia Dartmouth, which she read to Mrs. Fairface, and which we beg permission to lay before our readers.

MY DEAR MARY:—My father is tired of standing still, and has made up his mind to visit an old friend in the South. He is too infirm to travel without me, and has consented to let me accompany him. We shall be away until the middle of the summer, when we go, as usual, to our little cottage on the sea shore. I have packed one trunk, and pause half way through the other to bid you good bye and ask you to pray for me.

Perhaps you are astonished that I ask you to pray for me. I don't mean astonished that a

poor sinner should supplicate your prayers, but that a Protestant should make it a point in a letter.

Well, my dear Mary, I am not a Protestant, I have been fairly caught by Dr. Wright, and am now, like you, in the bosom of our Holy Mother Church. God, in his infinite mercy, has deigned to open my obstinate eyes to the majesty and beauty of his greatest work. My old pastor's influence may have led me to examine, but it was a higher power, my dear Mary, that made me a Catholic. I have examined my heart, again and again, before Communion and after Communion, and I cannot detect a trace of any human impulse in this happy change. So now you understand why I ask you to pray for me. Your mother was the first who staggered me in my old opinions: the next time I see her I shall claim *that pair of beads*.

It would amuse you to hear the comments of my *friends* about my infatuation as they civilly term it. I wish I had you with me, my young logician, to wing an arrow for me sometimes, and give them a little wholesome humiliation. The shrugs and sighs with which I am

afflicted are numberless. My father was rather restless at first, but he has relapsed into indifference. You must pray for him too, my dear friend; he thinks religion only invented for the amusement of children and the consolation of old maids.

If our friend's plantation is in the neighborhood of a post office, I shall furnish you with my address: for I look forward to your correspondence as a pleasure to which I am entitled. There may not be a Catholic Church within fifty miles,—this is the saddest deprivation to which my duty as daughter subjects me—and when you have no news, I shall thank you for a sermon.

My best love to your mother: I wish she were here to pack my trunk. I have so much less time to spare than I had, that I find my wardrobe an annoyance.

Believe me, my dear Mary,

Your sincere friend,

JULIA DARTMOUTH.

Mrs. Fairface read the letter over and over: the influence of example is more potent than argument.

Charles made frequent visits to Oakland and

lent material aid to Mary in her new work. But high over all human efforts, serene and omnipotent, works the infinite grace of God, strengthening, enlightening and redeeming. Mrs. Fairface became a Catholic, reader. And as she sat at breakfast one morning in May, between Charles and Mary, the tears rolled from Fairface's eyes as he sat gazing steadily at her. The bloom of her beauty had departed, her hair was touched with gray, but infinitely lovelier than ever, she appeared then, than in all the splendor of youth. She was pale and yet her face was covered with brightness,—a subdued joy, a meek rapture shone through the features that had been profaned by fashion and worldly passions:—she was the mother of Jessie.

The husband rose and as he approached her, she stretched forth her hand and poor little Mary burst into tears.

“I have been to Communion this morning,” said Mrs. Fairface.

“It is my turn, now,” he whispered, bending his head. “May God accept my contrition and pardon my delay.”

He called Charles and Mary to his side and silently joined their hands: it was the first time

he had recognized their love. They went forth on the porch, and like an omen of happiness, on the top of the cedar tree, over Jessie's grave, a yellow breasted lark was singing.

We have little more to add. Charles and Mary were married in the old Cathedral: though we have not recorded their conversation, their letters or their thoughts, yet they loved each other well and truly, better than most young people do; and though each may have their trials and disappointments as life advances, yet they are consoled by that divine faith, which teaches us to welcome the badge of sorrow.

Fairface did not long survive Jessie: he died a Catholic and was buried beside her. The lark still came to the cedar tree, and sang as sweetly as ever.

Julia's father died at the South. In her loneliness and affliction, she clung to Mrs. Lorn, and begged her to live with her. Though it was hard to leave her daughter's house, yet Mrs. Lorn was not the woman to refuse such a prayer. Julia did ^{not} enter a Convent. In the ages of faith, there were many holy women, who mingling in the world, still preserved the purity and asceticism of the cloister, beneath

the ornaments of rank and title. And Julia moved like one of these, a shining mark, a bright example, and a blessing; relieving woe and want and sickness, devoting her wealth to the greater glory of God, and rejoicing in the privilege of decorating the altar.

ll THE END. *ll*

THE END OF THE WORLD.

And John
... these a ... mark, a
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... her breath to
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-55-
THE END OF THE WORLD.

Miles, George H.

The Governess, or the Effects of Good Example An Original Tale. Being a
leaf from every-day life

Baltimore 1851

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